



# *Life's simple pleasures*

Few things give us so much pleasure as a 'good long walk' in the country. Let others drive or pedal or fly; we shall opt for the wind on the heath and the flower-flecked turf any time we have the chance. By some standards, no doubt, our occupation will seem rather pointless. We shall expend a good deal of energy in getting precisely nowhere, for we shall end our walk at home, where we began it. We could have had the same amount of exercise with much greater profit if we had spent the afternoon sawing logs. But we should not then have had the fun of trying to tickle a trout in the chalk stream. We shouldn't have seen the badger as we came home through the wood in the evening. Such things are beyond price in a world which seems to become ever more complicated – and bankers, no less than other men, need their hours free from care. Tomorrow, we shall be back at our desks and counters, giving Midland Bank service to Midland Bank customers. We shall give it the more cheerfully, the more easily, the more efficiently, because we shall have with us still an echo of the pleasure we enjoyed, walking over the hills at the week-end.



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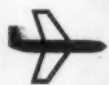
(Medical adviser to well-known industrial company, speaking at a conference last year on "The Health of Business Executives.")



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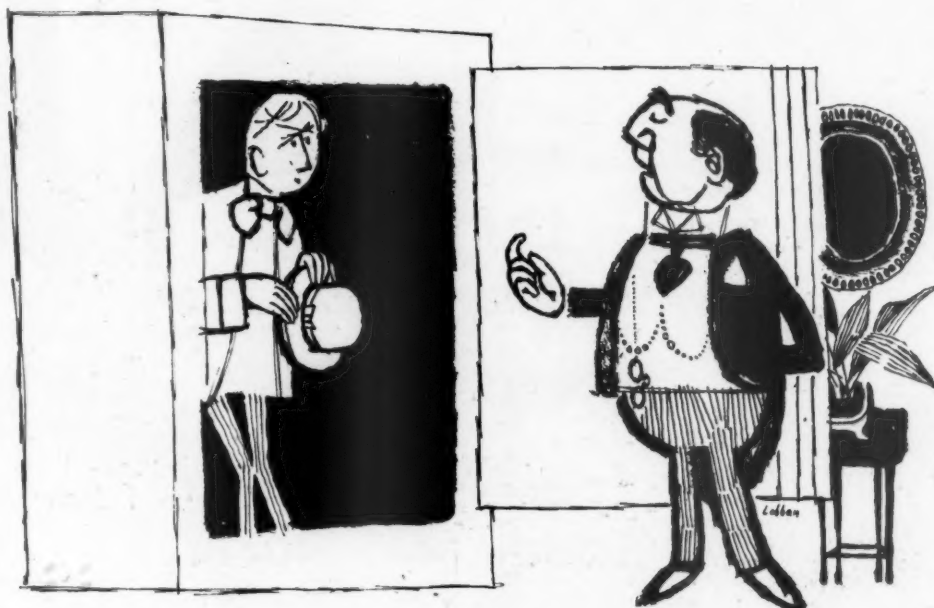
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*I rose. "Good morning", I said, and stepped into the safe.*

*"Come out", said the bank manager coldly.*

(LITERARY LAPSES, 1910)

There was some truth in it when Stephen Leacock wrote his uproarious sketch of a nervous man's first encounter with a big city bank. In those days a first-timer had need to bring some self-assurance with him to meet the august protocol of a banking hall.

How different today – when people drop in at their Lloyds Bank branches as unconcerned as they would enter a coffee-

bar . . . can even be seen emerging from the manager's room with the complacent look of one who has just borrowed a modest sum on most favourable terms . . .

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## Substitute for polygamy

ONE OF THE odd things about high fashion—and goodness knows it has plenty—is that attitudes to it do not cleave along lines of sex. Almost as many women as men think it impossible; there are as many wives to say, "I wouldn't be seen dead," as husbands to cry, "What, that thing."



With the designing, and the description, of haute couture, it is quite another matter—though just as odd. Its great designers are men (have they always been, I wonder? Saul clothed the daughters of Israel "in scarlet and other delights"). To write about it evidently calls for a woman.

### Fresh and luminous

This seems to me an astonishing ability, and no one that I know does it better than Katharine Whitehorn the new Fashion Editor of *The Observer*. It is not merely that she can find words for what, to me, is expressed in vague groping gestures of the hands ("It goes like *this*, and then out, *here*"). They are fresh and luminous words, so that I know not only what the clothes look like, but why they look like that. Her writing has a distinctive flavour. "Fashion is the West's alternative to polygamy: instead of different women, men get the same woman looking different." Or again: "Clothes that keep the same line year after year get to be unbearably dull. And then, to liven them up, you get all sorts of bits and pieces, pompons and capes and wacky little seamings."

This sort of thing can be enjoyed and understood by anybody, whether they can wear the clothes or not. Miss Whitehorn makes one feel one would like to meet her.

But do not imagine that her colleagues on the women's pages of *The Observer* are in any danger of being outshone. Patience Gray on shopping; Eirlys Roberts of "Which", a most welcome guest; Syllabub on cooking; the wide-ranging Bridget Colgan . . . though, mind, that wasn't what I meant by a substitute for polygamy.

J.B.L.



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\*For overseas rates see page 508

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## The London Charivari

THERE is a weird and yet I suppose perfectly understandable similarity of approach in the two Wolfenden reports. In the latest, "Sport and the Community," I find this comment on the desirability of permitting Sunday games: "Much . . . depends on the degree and organization which the particular game or activity entails." Which game? Well, "It is hard to see how any objection can legitimately be raised to the playing of lawn tennis on a private court on a Sunday." Between consenting adults, of course. Under the carpet with it!

### The Scotch on the Rhine

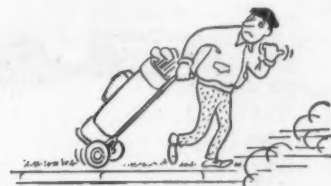
THE cartoonist's image of the beer-drinking German with stein in hand, pipe in hand and song in heart will have to go if we accept this story that whisky is now the only smart thing to drink in the Fatherland. The habit is blamed by Dr. Mende, leader of the Free



Democratic Party, for illiteracy among "people who spend their lives sitting in a whisky-sodden trance in front of their television sets." Russian propagandists will seize on this as the up-to-date version of the old Western colonialism; getting the natives groggy while you trade them beads for their birthright.

### Bogey

MEMBERS of the Mill Hill Golf Club have always had to cross a road to get from the club-house to the course, or vice versa, but now that the Ministry of Transport has added a second carriageway to form part of the Barnet by-pass traffic has increased to the extent that "members now have to



wait up to five minutes before they can get to the course\* and the traffic is so fast it has become dangerous." The club is now claiming compensation from the Ministry on the grounds that the club-house is "isolated" from the course. One can imagine their feelings if the road had been the M1, thus involving them in (say) a twenty-mile walk to find a fly-over back to their native heath and club-house.

### Try it, he Says

A FORMER Home Office scientist jeers at the notion that fires can be started in stores by cigarette ends. "Try it," he says, and for all I know people are trying it right and left. He's probably right. Back in 1940 or thereabouts, when there was all that agitation to set fire to the German forests, a body of experts conducted experiments in Scotland trying to find out how to



set forests alight. They used not cigarette ends but phosphorus and other novelties and had the utmost difficulty in setting fire to a single bush. Thus they proved, at considerable expense, what everybody knew already: nobody starts fires. They just happen.

#### Buggey's Day

WHICH brash, big-hearted newspaper do you suppose devoted some thirty inches of picture and text to the plight of a ship's cat whose ship is about to be broken up, thus leaving her homeless? The headline, if it is any help, was "What Is To Become Of Buggey?" The answer follows:

*The Times*

#### Long and Short of it

THE proposal to put older boy scouts into trousers seems to me to sound the death-knell of the movement. What is to become of the not-to-autumn-will-I-yeild-not-to-winter-even spirit if we get patrol leaders rolling up like lean and booted pantaloons? The very word slacks is prejudicial to good morale, preparedness and good deedery, as well as playing false to the memory of Baden-Powell. *Sansculotte*, first applied to a revolutionary who wore long trousers instead of knee breeches, came to mean a mere member of a ragged mob; let us remember that before we throw tradition down the drainpipe.

#### Doctor in the Street

A LETTER to *The Times* says firmly that for doctors to claim any special privileges with respect to parking is "evidence of emotional immaturity." Let them park if and when they can and, if they do not succeed, take their failure like men and just go away. It is obviously less important to get at their patients quickly than to keep in the queue and obey the regulations like the average man. Doctors who keep thinking about the sick instead of about the fit, who expect to be given priority in front of shoppers or persons wandering about London enjoying the sights or men arriving at offices to make regulations about parking are clearly too infantile to be entrusted with patients at all. Bah!

#### Changing Face of Romance

IT'S a mark of the times that the Southampton schoolgirl who ran away with a schoolboy friend last week told a building society official, when she drew out ten pounds to meet immediate expenses, that she would shortly "marry a bio-chemist." This suggests a new seriousness in youthful fantasy. In the old days it would have been a sheikh (for absolute romance); later on, possibly a band-leader (early Wodehouse heroes were apt to claim proficiency in the ukulele, even the saxophone). These



"A unilateralist asking for a 4-minute egg."

#### SHADOWED CABINET

starts in PUNCH next week. Contributors will assume the portfolio of a Minister and state their policy. Following are the appointments offered:

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL,  
Foreign Secretary  
A. P. H., Home Secretary  
ALAN HACKNEY,  
Minister of Labour  
COL. A. D. WINTLE,  
Minister of Defence  
RICHARD GORDON,  
Minister of Health  
FRANK RICHARDS,  
Minister of Education  
STIRLING MOSS,  
Minister of Transport  
NIGEL KNEALE,  
Minister of Power  
NUBAR GULBENKIAN,  
Chancellor of the Exchequer

won't do in 1960. The imagined glances of envy from the bridesmaids are those reserved for the girl whose catch knows his stuff on genes and chromosomes, hormones and enzymes. Very sensible, I suppose, really.

#### Distinction

I WAS driving down the Portsmouth Road when a Rolls Royce flicked past me. "Good Lord," I said as it vanished round a corner, "it's got one of those damned tigers in the back window." "Can't be," said my fair companion. So I belted after it and caught it up. She was dead right. It was a lion.

#### From the Psycho Ward

*Woman's Mirror* is offering mink ear clips for 2s. 9d.

MY love is slender as a spire,  
Her hair is like the sun on spears,  
And ah! how fiercely I admire  
Her furry ears.

Yet sometimes, when the full moon  
nears,  
What fetish fancies they inspire!  
Deep down, a feral instinct rears.

Her eyes are lakes of amber fire,  
Her bosom dazzles and endears,  
But what stirs up my mad desire?  
Her furry ears.

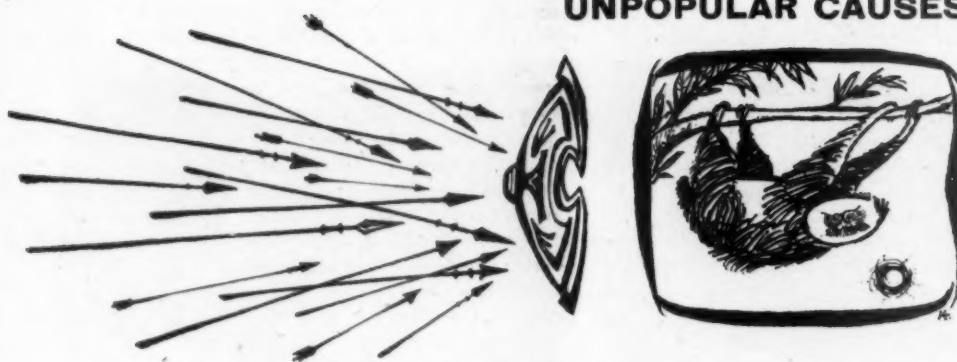
— MR. PUNCH





THE BODY SNATCHERS

## UNPOPULAR CAUSES


*In Defence of*  
**SLACKING**
*by Stephen Potter*

"DON'T be a rotter, Potter," my friend Fizz used to say to me at school: then he would giggle. It was a sound P. G. Wodehouse phrase, straight out of Psmith, and it was reasonably fair as a criticism: because at school, if I wasn't exactly a rotter, I was certainly a slacker.

It started like this. In my school reports, the best it seemed I could hope for was "could do better." Gradually I began to encourage this impression. True I had had secret day-dreams of success in work and games, but they never came to life. Best to suggest that I wasn't really trying, to adopt a lounging attitude, and get left out of things in consequence—everything except the compulsories. "Could do better if he tried," one or two of them used to say, without a shred of evidence. I was beginning to find that slacking had its uses.

The worst of the compulsories was games—not so much playing games badly as watching them without knowledge. I slacked here to the limit: but two-thirds of my winter Saturday afternoons had to be spent staring at school football matches. In the mists and timid light of Vincent Square we stood along the muddy touch line, the junior boys, the no-good boys and the Slackers, our ridiculous top hats ragged and streaky, rows of spindly legs in black trousers, myself shivering (because as leader of the don't-care-a-damnners I scorned an overcoat), staring with concealed and hopeless envy at the manly miriness and clouds of human heat and breath which enveloped heroes like left-half Farquharson or right-back Andrews. At correctly spaced intervals we intoned WESTMINSTER in melancholy unison. As a leader of the Slacker Brigade it was my duty to make this rallying cry sound as uninspiring as possible.

Whatever may be said against my slacking it has always been consistent. So since it was universally acknowledged that it is slack not to play and watch games when at school, and since this rule is rescinded and indeed reversed as soon as schooldays are over, I began on the morning after December 17th, 1917, a life of games as hard, as enjoyable, and as

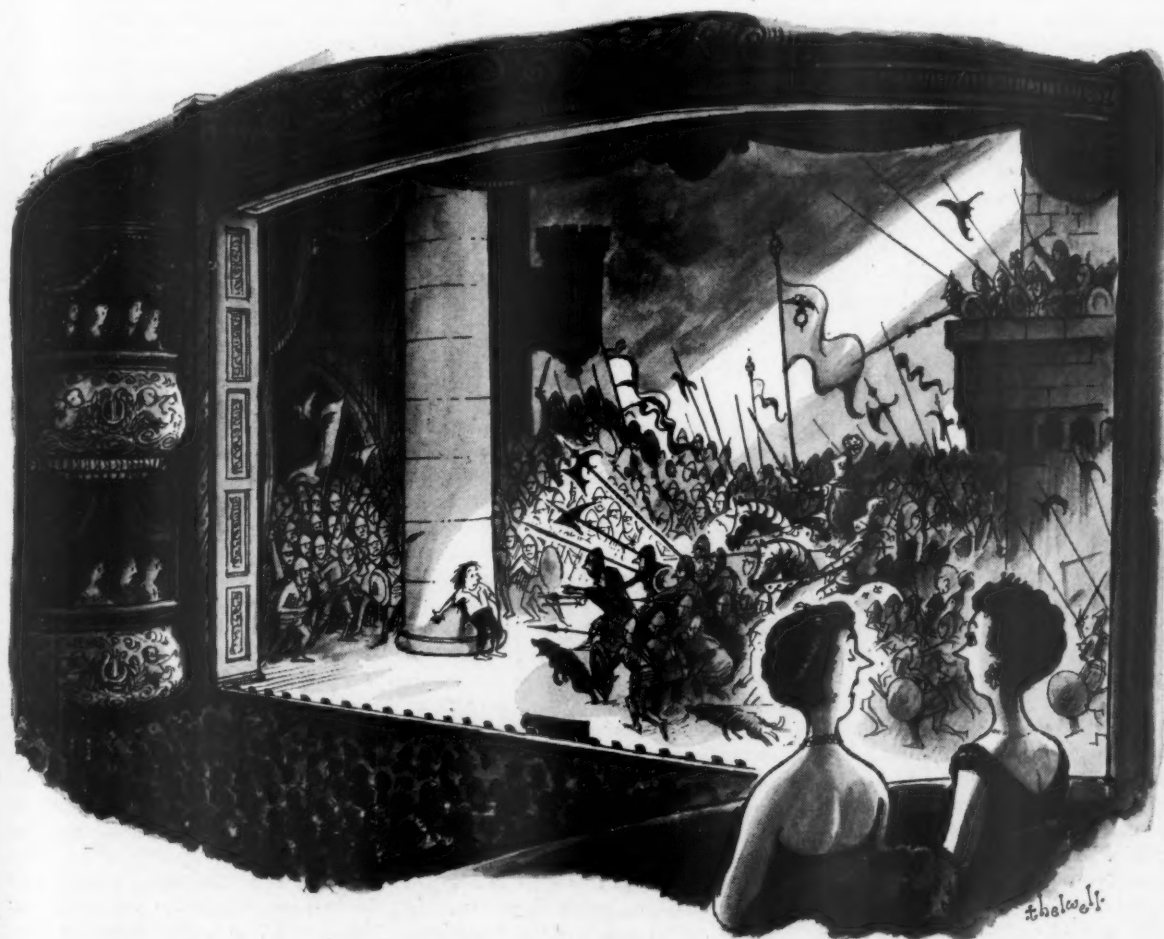
consistent, for an amateur, as any I know. At the same time, much as I enjoyed most of my Westminster days (to finish the sports section of these notes), I never quite lost my distaste for official games, including all musts, solemn moments and professionalisms. The true slacker is certainly put off by the slightest suggestion that he is representing something for somebody. In my own case this led to the birth of my mission to do away with that common but artificial ranking of games which puts rugger above shove-halfpenny and suggests that good performances on the Cresta Run, which I have not myself actually visited, are automatically to be considered as more honorific than, say, the two best games involving old tennis ball catching. I mean of course Tishy Tosh and the Roof Game, both of which I happen to know well. And I'm not at all sure a typical Slacking Refinement is not to prefer the rather home-made squash court with the roof too low, and to pay more attention to croquet played on a vicarage lawn with a large cherry tree in the corner than to the geometric but somewhat mechanical perfection of Hurlingham. Looking at games is the slacker's ideal: yet still, in spite of its opportunities of mid-week afternoon nothingness, I have never quite brought myself to watch Football League matches. This in spite of the fact that the atmosphere is in a sense jollier than that of school games, so much so that the man who scores a goal, instead of glaring aloofly at the ground in the way to which we used to be accustomed, not only shows pleasure himself but is actually squeezed on the arm by his team mates in open congratulation, a gesture often accompanied by an extraordinary circular rubbing of the head. Indeed the tinge of disapproval some of us feel at this makes me wonder whether my slacking principles don't sometimes wear rather thin, whether I am not still a school games man at heart. For I have found myself worried lately to see that the atmosphere of cricket is becoming even too human, for do not Mr. Cowdrey and other county captains tend to applaud, however gently and soundlessly, but actually on the

field, a good catch by a member of *their own team*, making one wonder whether we shall not see next season, at Lord's, Mr. Warr calling for three cheers for a Titmus maiden over?

I hope I may say, so far as work is concerned, that my tendency to slack in this department is even more consistent. The sight of the words *Livy*, Book II, in the school timetable always made my mind switch, with an almost audible click, to a subject as disrelated as possible. Enormous advantage—because it was thus and only thus that I could achieve concentration. Given *Kenilworth* to read as a holiday task, I might possibly bring myself to glance through it in the train going back to school for the first day of next term. But my slack attitude to *Kenilworth* was more than compensated by the fact that an order to study Scott had given me an inordinate appetite for reading *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Little Dorrit*, and a new volume of Kipling's short stories thrown in.

The time has now come perhaps to give to science and the world of psychology and psychopathology two new words, two descriptive phrases, without which the essential theory of slacking can never be properly described. They are "Doing-something-elsism" and "Last-momenting." The

true slacker, presented with a Must or an Ought or even a plain ordinary Do, immediately sidesteps and begins working with easy confidence at something else altogether. Take the case of the present author writing the present article. The editor presents him with a theme and the author accepts with grateful pleasure, partly because he has long promised somebody else to write something completely different by a date already overdue. Yet some day this new article must be written, and the Must breeds delays. Here Last-momentism comes into play, and is used as a spur on the last possible day for copy, this genuinely last possible day having been trickily ascertained through a chain of informers. The morning of the last day arrives. There is the blank page, the silent study. But Something-elsism is never absent. Newspapers will be read later: but no harm in seeing how Miss X is doing in author's favourite comic, or rather tragic, strip. Then I personally like to work in a room with a piano, because if I play one brisk easy piece of Bach before starting, the music seems to make my mental bed, tuck in my mental loose sheets, and tidy me up generally. To work then, and the best way for me to start working is to read a page of an



"I'm told he's also having trouble with the income-tax people."







Vice-President, whose spiel is at least comprehensible. To hear Nixon is to understand him, word by word, and to appreciate therefore the grassroots ratiocinative processes of a great American exponent of the spoken language. This was honest-to-goodness, man-to-man chinwag. I was definitely pro-Nixon.

I still am. But I am also, I find, for Kennedy. You see, I had to concede that on Farm Prices Kennedy's policy, which is that of the Democratic Party, was more convincing (to an Englishman, of course) than Nixon's policy. Both candidates have policies that would do America, and the rest of the world, a power of good. Kennedy's policy, if I remember the details, was that Nixon's policy wasn't really—when you get right down to it—as sound a policy as Nixon made out. There was something radically wrong with it. And Nixon's policy (I'm still on Farm Prices) was that Kennedy's policy, which was that of the Democratic Party, was likely to prove less practicable than the policy for which Nixon stood. For one thing it probably meant more, not less, inflation, taxation or both.

So, anyway, on Farm Prices I couldn't separate them.

It was on Domestic Policy—you know, education, pensions and so on and so forth—that Kennedy seemed to me to go out in front. Outlining his policy (and Kennedy's accent, a mixture of faulty gear-changing and muffled drums, is less easy on the ear than Nixon's) the Senator said that the policy of the Democrats would commend itself to all Americans capable of differentiating between the policies of the Democrats and the Republicans. It was as simple as that. One policy was progressive and right for the 'sixties; the other—and I think he meant Nixon's—was unprogressive and out of key with the requirements of the 'sixties.

Nixon was if anything diametrically opposite in his interpretation of the two policies, but on balance, as I have said, I made him just the loser. (Of course it is always possible that I missed the odd telling word here and there: I had a phone call from Leeds and my wife kept breaking down because her jigsaw wouldn't come out.) So, anyway, I gave this round to Kennedy.

Now, at this late hour, I'm not sure

whether, all things considered, I'm for Nixon or Kennedy. They both have pretty sound policies, and each policy seems to be a distinct advance on the policy offered by the opposition. But I may easily be wrong.

Of only one thing am I certain. After listening carefully to the Vice-President and the Senator I wish to take back all the harsh things I may have thought, one time and another, about President Eisenhower. I like Ike but I used to think that his policy was sometimes lacking in crystal clarity. I have occasionally regarded him as less than dynamic, less than abundantly specific, and less than compulsively eloquent. Now I am not so sure. It seems to me that both Nixon and Kennedy have something to learn from the old

maestro. They have their policies, yes, but will they ever be able to put them across with the same fine contempt for equivocation?

Yes, first thoughts are best. I shall back Nixon. He's more like Ike.



"Many of our subscribers will note that this issue is dated 'July 1960' whereas the last issue received by them was dated 'May 1960.' There has been no break in the publication of the Newsletter and this issue will, in fact, be off the press before the end of June.

By the time it reaches many of our readers, however, we will be in July and the advancing of the date is merely to obviate the current belief that the Newsletter is 'out of date' before it reaches our readers."

*A Newsletter*

O.K. But where's our June issue?



"This gentleman would like a crash course on the Cha-cha before his End-of-Conference Ball."

# Here Come the Dolphins

By JAMES THURBER

**H**OW sharper than a sermon's truth it must have been for many human beings when they learned that bottle-nosed Dolphin may, in time, succeed battle-poised Man as the master species on earth. This prophecy is implicit in the findings of those scientists who have been studying, and interviewing, dolphins in laboratories. It neither alarms nor surprises me that Nature, whose patience with our self-destructive species is giving out, may have decided to make us, if not extinct, at least a secondary power among the mammals of this improbable planet.

Clarence Day, in his *This Simian World*, prefigured, in turn, the tiger and the dog as the master species, if their evolution, instead of ours, had turned them into People. He did not think of the dolphin, that member of the

whale family sometimes called, inaccurately, the porpoise or the grampus. As far back as 1933 I observed a school of dolphins (their schools increase as ours decline) romping, as we carelessly call it, alongside a cruise-ship in the South Atlantic, and something told me that here was a creature, all gaiety, charm, and intelligence, that might one day come out of the boundless deep and show us how a world can be run by creatures dedicated not to the destruction of their species but to its preservation.

We shall, alas, not be on earth to hear the lectures, and to read the reports, on Man by a disinterested intelligence equal, and perhaps superior, to our own. I should like to hear a thoughtful and brilliant dolphin cutting us down to our true size, in that far day when the much vaunted Dignity of Man becomes a

footnote to history, a phrase lifted from the dusty books of human sociologists and the crumbling speeches of obliterated politicians.

Anyone, even a human being, capable of contemplation and the exercise of logic, must realize that what has been called the neurotic personality of our time is rapidly becoming psychopathic. One has but to look at and listen to those anti-Personality Cultists, Khrushchev and Castro, to identify them as the most notorious personality cultists of our era. I mourn the swift mortality of Man that will prevent him from reading *The Decline and Fall of Man* by Professor B. N. Dolphin. What I am saying will, of course, be called satire or nonsense by the Free World, and obscurantism or obfuscation by the communist world. Professor Dolphin can deal with that when the time comes.



"... and assaulting an officer."

Almost all of Man's self-praise is exaggerated and magnified by the muddled and conflicting concepts of religion, sociology, and philosophy. We are not, for instance, the most adjustable of creatures, but the most helpless and desperate, so that we have had to develop ingenuity of a high and flexible kind in order to survive. All the other creatures of earth, with the exception of those we have made dependent by domestication, are more adjusted than we are, and can, and must, get along without us. But we depend upon many of them for our existence as we depend upon vegetables. It is impossible to imagine a female seal saying to another female seal "What a charming lady-skin! Where did you get it?" And I have just learned from a doctor friend of mine who spent six months in the Antarctic that the human being down there invariably suffers from Big Eye—that is, the inability to sleep well, or at all. And everybody knows that the penguins adjusted to their climate and that they never develop stomach ulcers since they long ago discovered a wholesome and nurturing diet, which we couldn't do even if we had another million years to live.

I cannot be there to see, but I can clearly visualize what will happen when dolphinity has replaced humanity as the primary power. I can picture the dolphins' first ambassador to Washington or to the Court of St. James's coming into the presence of the President or the Prime Minister and saying with a wink and a whistle "Ours is a porpoiseful society. Good-bye, and sorry, and may there be a proper moaning of the bar when you, who came from out the boundless déep, return again home."

Oh, but there is still time, gentlemen! Let's uncork the bottles, call up the ladies, exchange with our enemies the well-worn accusations of imperialistic ambitions, and lean back. Let us have our run before we are officially advised that, as Henley put it, our little job is done. And make mine a double Scotch and soda while you're at it. I have become a touch jittery myself, meditating that human marriage, whose success and failure both have helped to put us where we are, will seem, one fine century in the future, as quaint and incredible to the dolphins as the hipbone of a dinosaur.



"Er, I was just testing the door handles, constable."

## The Sheepshearers' Ball

By JO PACKER

**M**Y first taste of snow down under came at Cooma, an Australian country town where I was working as a hospital nurse. "It won't settle," the other nurses assured me, seeing that I was very annoyed at the prospect of slush. They regarded the white stuff as a joke, like their own war rationing, but I took it seriously. I settled down in my own room with a hot-water bottle, and switched on imported Tony Hancock on the radio.

At eight o'clock Win rushed in. "We need a third girl to go to a dance. I thought of you." I stared at her coldly because I was cold, opened my wardrobe door and told her "Look, no fur coats. I can't come without one, that's flat."

"It's not a flash 'do,'" she said. Her ingenuousness weakened me, and within ten minutes I was spitting on my mascara brush. I walked downstairs as stiffly as a pair of frozen forceps, prodded from behind by Win and

Eileen, who suspected, quite rightly, that I was "not game" and would "shoot through" if I got the chance.

In the lane outside the hospital stood a line of hooting cars. This was the nightly visitation of the automob from town. Even the teenage swains roared up in their Renaults, hands pressed on hooters as though affixed there with bubble gum.

The siren singing began as we appeared. "Wanna come out to-night? How about a drive?" yelled the drivers as we passed along the queue of cars. Win and Eileen, enchanted, might have succumbed had not our escorts for the evening bawled out louder than anyone else "Over here, you dills!"

The trio, Trev, Frank and Hughie, were sitting in the front seat of the car. We zoomed along, turned up a dirt road where Hughie, the driver, tried to skim the surface of puddles and pot-holes. I realized he had failed when my chin struck the back of the front seat,





and I felt like Alice after sampling the Drink Me bottle, although for refinement my remark came nowhere near to hers.

Trev was also in trouble. He yelped as his head hit the roof. "I'll have you up for assault and battery," he cried, and then turning to us girls in the gallery gave us the Bob Hope line "He hit me with a torch." Having thus established himself as the wit of the party, he kept up the flow of old jokes with the stamina of a court jester until we reached the remote woolshed which served as the dance hall. As we drew up he paged everyone in the car for their drink requirements, dragging from his pocket a bottle of sherry.

My mind was on the future. "What kind of dances do they do here?" I panicked when I heard the reply—Jolly Miller, jazz waltz and Canadian Two-step—names unknown to me and obviously wild courting frenzies devised by sheepshearers. Deciding to insulate against the unknown, I told Trev to pour me a drink, and called his bluff by drinking it when he filled a lager glass with sherry.

The dance was already in progress when we entered the shed. A crowd of men hung about the pay desk giving the impression that partners were handed out at the door. Not so; the men were mustering for a mass sortie

to their cars as I discovered later. They did this at periodic intervals in order to get a drink, the whole operation reminding one of lemmings collecting on some northern shore for the swim to oblivion.

Win and Eileen had been going steady with Hughie and Frank for the past three nights, so Trev fell to my lot. During the quicksteps he was forced to support me as a tree supports a falling brother. A country dance cleared my head and I realized then that I was doing the Dashing White Sergeant under an assumed Australian name.

Even the Paul Jones was hidden behind the alias of Jolly Miller. When Trev broke away and rushed off I failed to realize what was happening and thought the whole thing was a hoax devised to demoralize pommies. Then I was swept up in a line of circling womanhood, and imagined myself at the initiation ceremony of the Australian national sport, Marching Girls.

The slow foxtrot brought respite, but halfway through Trev decided he had found romance and began proceedings. "This is the moment for lovers," he hissed in my ear, hooking his fingers around my thoracic vertebrae. "Where do you work?" I asked in prosaic desperation.

He was so astounded at the question

that my thoracic vertebrae broke free. "I'm a male nurse, didn't you know?" "How could I? I don't follow male nurse form."

"You should," he said, going langorous again, "you might pick a winner."

Something clicked in my brain. I stepped back and put a yard between us. "Hey, are you that married male nurse who's always trying his luck with the girls?"

"I'm not answering that one," he said. "What's wrong with it anyway?"

"It's unethical," I said, "and besides, Matron wouldn't like it."

He muttered something that sounded like "She would if I got half a chance," and started to hum and sing *à la* Dean Martin. When the music stopped he decided it was time for him to join the lemmings at the door. He headed for the clique of men and I made for the Ladies and looked at myself in the mirror.

My hair looked like last year's crow's nest. I hid away for half an hour desperately trying to repair the damage. It was a work of supererogation, for the lights were out in the dance hall when I returned and I could have been the witch of Wagga Wagga for all it mattered.

Trev loomed up, woolly and sheepish as only Australians can be. "Let's hike," he mumbled. He could hardly put one foot in front of the other; I took the initiative and waltzed him round and round in the darkness. He never knew, but for twenty minutes we described the same small circle in front of the toilet door. "You're domineering, aren't you?" was the only gratitude I got.

At last the lights went up and we bumbled out to the car. The snow had given way to rain. My happy smile at this was dimmed when I saw that Win had dived in beside Hughie on the front seat, and Eileen had already established herself on Frank's lap in the back. Trev settled himself beside Frank, and I tried to crawl into the vacant front seat. "No, no, Jo, in the back!" cried everyone as though I had not been initiated into courting ceremonial. I could see every move ten miles away but put up a feeble counter-attack in order to ravel up the ritual.

Trev, who thought he was a whiz at singing, clamped me to him and began a long recital of hit songs, old and new.



Everything changes but Trev changeth not, I thought wearily, trying to shift my ear away from *In Amaratata*. To make monotony worse Frank said "Don't tell me your troubles, Trev" at the end of every rendition.

Eventually the car pulled up at the all-hours restaurant at Cooma. Hamburgers and eggburgers were the order of the night. After we had eaten, all the lights in the place went phut, and while Lou the Greek searched his top shelf for candles our escorts hurried us out, saying that Lou was Frank's brother-in-law and never expected payment. They didn't reckon on Lou's assistant posted thoughtfully at the door, and Frank was forced to show the colour of his five-pound note before we reached the car again, proving that business is thicker than blood.

We travelled fast in the opposite direction to the hospital, but no one

shared my fears. At three o'clock in the morning we drew up at a local beauty spot known as Scrubby Springs, which was halfway up a hill overlooking the town. Frank and Eileen were already fast asleep. I had, by that time, unnerved Trev, and he reverted to wisecracking in self-defence. "You're in bottom gear," he remarked to Frank who had begun to snore. "Oh, well, a fellow might as well try to kip," he remarked a few seconds later, and dropped his head back in defeat.

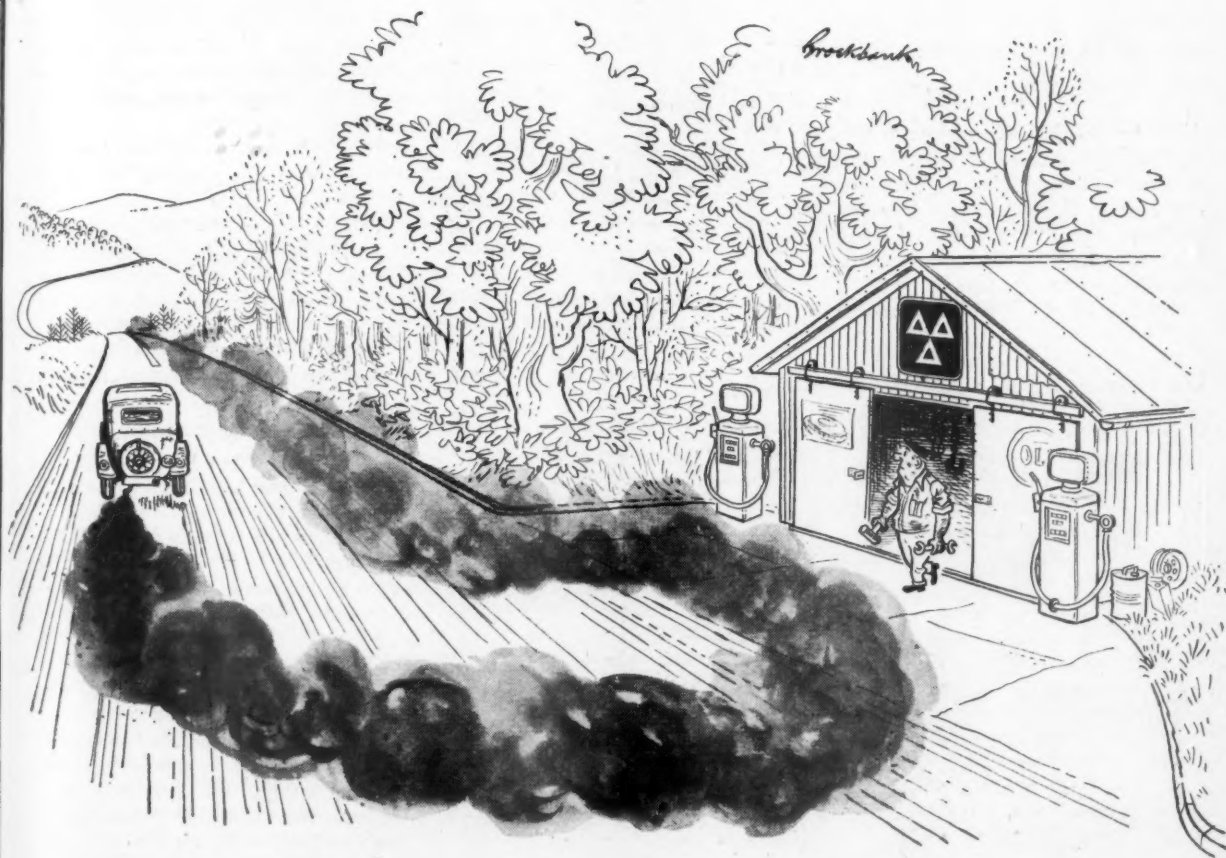
The wind was blowing straight from the South Pole. I was dying to go to sleep but could not because my feet were no longer with me. I had to keep touching them to make quite sure. Meanwhile Win and Hughie grappled their way around the front seat, impervious to the backseat audience.

After an hour I started to clear my throat and cough. I kept it up for so long that I convinced myself I had

caught bronchitis. At last the message got through to Win who hissed to Hughie "We'd better go."

The hospital was reached at four-thirty. My sleeping partner awoke. "Suppose I'd better go and wake the missus. She gets cranky these days," he groaned as though life's mysteries were getting too much for him. I said "Thank you for a lovely evening," and glared at him. He glared back, but I won, for where he was going he would get more glares, whereas I was going in for a minimal night's sleep.

The night nurse awoke me at five-thirty. I reeled down to the ward, groping like a blindfolded boxer. I saw Trev enter his part of the hospital, and knew that word was already going round the male attendants that Nurse Packer was cold. They were dead right, of course. The snow was beginning again, and in the imagination Southampton was looking better every minute.



# IS THERE A RUSSIAN IN SPACE?

That is the question that scientists the free world over  
are asking themselves

In this astounding and important article

**RAMSDEN O'BRIEN**

Scientific Consultative Expert to

"The Daily Intruder"

reveals to 4,000,000 readers the amazing truth!

**A**T THIS very moment an object the size of the National Gallery may be hurtling over your head. At countless thousands of miles an hour. What is it?

I will tell you.

It is the ultimate product of human ingenuity. It is a Russian Satellite. And it may contain a man.

A living, thinking human being, like the man who sits opposite you in the railway carriage. *Except that he speaks Russian.* The first man in space!

**DA VINCI OR CAMBERHULME?**

How do we know that he may be there?

Viewers watching the sensational new give-away programme "You're Lucky to Lose" last night heard Master of Ceremonies Pip Hazelthrust's voice suddenly obscured by weird syllables. Little did they know that these were an anguished appeal. *In Russian.*

"Speak to me, Nikolai, speak to me!"

The ITV, questioned last night, would neither confirm nor deny that the

words were interference from the B.B.C.'s Network Three. So they may very probably have been a message flashed from Moscow to outer space. To the first man in space. A pioneer. A man like da Vinci or Lord Camberhulme.

## SOLID FUEL PROPELLENT

We know that the Communists, very likely using a secret solid fuel propellant, are capable of putting an object *the size of nine semi-detached houses* into orbit.\*

**But that is not enough. After Mr. K.'s discomfiture at the UN**

\* A circular path round the earth. Say: Or-bit.

they must distract the watching world with some new and spectacular achievement. Not mice or dogs or monkeys. Not even a bear. But a man!

And more than this. *We can be sure that they will try to bring him back.* Inhuman though the Reds may be, they are no fools when it comes to propaganda. They know that the eyes of the uncommitted nations are upon them. They *dare not* leave the intrepid astronaut to starve in the outer void. Or worse. There is dangerous radiation in space.

## ENORMOUS VELOCITY

They must bring him back. As the capsule descends at enormous velocity through the outer atmosphere, great heat will be generated. It will become *twenty-three times as hot as a standard oven at Regulo 8.* But they will try to protect him.

**That much is certain.**

Where will they bring him down? What spot on the globe will cause the greatest embarrassment to our American allies? The answer is obvious. The first man from outer space will land at Cape Canaveral. He will speak Russian.

## I NAME THE GUILTY MEN

This will be a world-shaking achievement. But, amid all the excitement, let it be remembered that had nineteen Englishmen not failed to do their duty, the first man in space would not have been a Communist.

**Who were the guilty men? I will tell you. In three words. The Attlee Government.**

It was the Attlee Government who nationalized railways and coal. Had these remained in private hands there would inevitably have been an enormous public demand for new modes of transport and new fuels. And what is the result of combining new modes of transport and new fuels? Rockets.

**Man in Apron**  
by *Larry*



Rockets in 1946. Britain could have led the world.

It was the Attlee Government which lavished free wigs and spectacles on foreigners. The money could have been spent to develop the rockets.

And why have the Russians gone all out for rockets? To impress the uncommitted nations. Three-quarters of these once belonged to the British Empire.

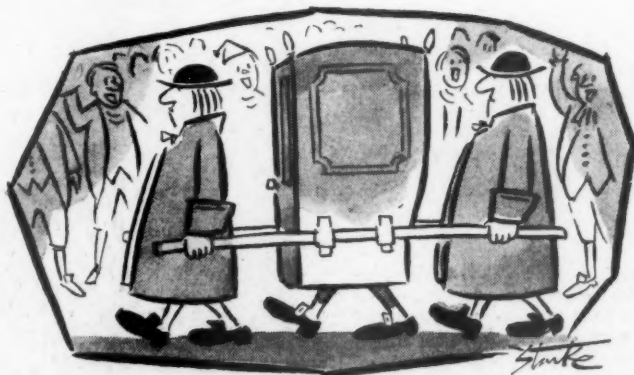
The Attlee Government gave them away! Uncommitted them, in fact. But for the activities of these nineteen men there would have been only a quarter of the nations there are to impress. And the Russian development of rockets might well have taken four times as long.

#### WAITING MILLIONS

So, when the first man to return from space climbs, dazed but triumphant, out of his cooling capsule to speak to the waiting millions of the wonders of the universe, he will speak in Russian.

And the world will know who is to blame.

— PETER DICKINSON



## Punch Civil Disobedience Campaign

Announcing a series of Incitements to Civil Disturbance, Riot, Newspaper Correspondence, etc.

### No. 1

5000 (Five thousand) volunteers wanted to commit suicide in Somerset House as a protest against the Death Duties.

Full details, next-of-kin, etc., to C.A.S.S.A.C.,\* 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4

\* Committee for Action of Some Sort at Any Cost.



# The CHANCTONBURIAN

HOC OPUS, HIC LABOR EST

AUTUMN 1960

EDITORS: B. HOLLOWOOD P. DEHN  
VOL. LXXXVII NO. 590

## EDITORIAL

Shelley's "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" will be well upon us by the time these lines are perused. Did the poet foresee how Big Side becomes invisible from the top of Stodgers in the October fog? And how the crabs ripen on Founders' Tree in the October sunshine? Or did he intend his euphonious juxtaposition of autumnal attributes to be less evocative of our scenery than symbolically suggestive of our *condition humaine*? Another School Year has commenced and we are all (Tweaks as well as Squealers) faced with the same choice—the "mists" of mediocrity or the "mellow fruitfulness" of excellence, whether on Big Side or in Top Schools. We must hope that this generation, despite its "angry young" protagonists, will elect for the latter alternative. Then and then only:

*Schola haec manebit  
Durior Liguria.  
Floreat, florebit  
Alma Chanctonburia!*

## School Notes

Mr. M. H. J. Miskin, who joined us at the beginning of the Summer Term, left us in the middle of the Summer Term.

☆

### Awards and Decorations

R. Hiplock (1898-1902)—B.A. (Hull)  
D. Hiplock (1899-1903)—M.B.E.

(posth.)

P. Kukla (1955-60)—Order of the White Bull of Tamai; Grand Cross of the Knights of St. Borromelius of Aleppo with Garnet Clasp; Anklet of Fertility (with armet) and Privy Councillor to H.R.H. Narasri Kukla, F.R.Z.S.

☆

The lowering of the Craig Fields to the level of the Withers Fields, which was started two years ago, has been postponed on advice from the School Surveyors that the Withers Fields are higher than the Craig Fields.

Upper School Roll Call will therefore take place this term on Lower Fourpenny, and Lower School Roll Call in alternate weeks on Upper Fourpenny and Oliver's Egg.



LINOCUT (After Picasso)

### SCHOOL SOCIETIES

Nat. Hist. Soc. During the Summer Term the Society had two meetings, which

formed an extremely varied programme. Dr. L. Pargeter, B.Sc., delivered a paper on *Weed Varieties in the Sargasso* illustrated with slow-motion film; and Mr. Miskin accompanied a Saturday Ramble in Bosinney Woods, where several interesting specimens were observed.

Deb. Soc. On June 17 L. F. Disher moved "That this House prefers to move with the times." N. Veitch opposed. There were four subsidiary speakers (three *pro* and one *con*) and the Motion was won by 3 votes to 1.

Mod. Lang. Soc. Several members attended the lunch-hour showing of a film kindly lent by the Albanian Cultural Institute. *This Is Albania* was, as its title suggests, an introduction to the Albanian culture and "way of life." The film was followed by a brief discussion. Our thanks are due to Mrs. Collis for the loan of her drawing-room and appetizing sandwiches.

☆

### SCHOOL FASTI

#### Michaelmas Term—First Half

- Sep. 24 1st XI v. Repton 3rd XI (Away)  
2nd XI v. Malvern 4th XI (Away)  
3rd XI v. Bishop's Stortford Under 16 2nd XI (Home)
- Sep. 25 Preacher: The Suffragan Bishop of Stortford.  
Film Soc.: "Battleship Potemkin" Part I (Moser Buildings).
- Sep. 28 Dram. Soc.: Reading of Osterley's "Ctesiphon and Belmyra" (Mr. Osterley's room).
- Oct. 1 Steeplechase: School v. St. Luke's (Home).
- Oct. 2 Preacher: The Warden of St. Luke's Home.  
Film Soc.: "Battleship Potemkin" Part I (Moser Buildings).
- Oct. 5 C.C.F. Inspection: A/Capt. R. St. J. le P. Danks, T.D., R.E.M.E.  
Lecture: "The Scope and Function of R.E.M.E." by A/Capt. R. St. J. le P. Danks, T.D. (Music Hall).
- Oct. 6 Entertainment: Dr. František Korotva's Latvian Puppets. (Interpreter: Lady Owtram.)
- Oct. 7 Lady Owtram's English Elocution Prize (Judge: Dr. František Korotva).  
Film Soc.: "Battleship Potemkin" Part I (Moser Buildings).
- Oct. 8 Recital: Canon Earnshaw's Selected Choristers.
- Oct. 9 Preacher: To be arranged.

### CARILLON

(An Essay in Onomatopœia.)  
Tangled ling in dingle dangles.  
Single twangings, tingling, swing.  
Sings on shingle Spring in spangles.  
Jingling clangs and clinging jangles  
Mingle, mangle, wrangle, ring.  
— P. HARDACRE (Cl. Remove)





## The School "Macbeth"

ON Speech Day the Dramatic Society rendered Shakespeare's *Macbeth* to an appreciative audience of O.C.s and parents, most of whose sons were included in the extensive cast.

The Curtain rose on an empty stage representing, as our programme informed us, a camp near Fortes.

Mr. Osterley, who produced, had cleverly surmounted the absence of W. Humby with mumps by the clever device of making the Second Witch invisible and by himself speaking the part mysteriously from the wings. B. Libomba's long drum solo before Macbeth's entry was loudly applauded, and L. Wivenhoe as the Porter got a good laugh by cleverly simulating his inability to open the castle door, which made a good "build-up" for Macduff's first entry in Act V.

D. Samkin made a good if small Old Man, and Miss Pickering's clever make-up

made R. D. Hogg quite unrecognizable as Lady Macbeth.

The part of Banquo, which was to have been doubled with that of the Second Witch by W. Humby, was also spoken from the wings (in a slightly different voice) by Mr. Osterley and this was most effective in the Banquo's Ghost scene. Here the eating of actual food (provided by Mrs. Collis) lent an authentic touch.

Hogg made the short sleep-walking scene doubly effective by playing it with his eyes shut as though in sleep, which greatly increased the effect of Lady Macbeth's final fall from the battlements with a realistic cry after her famous curtain-line: "Yet here is a spot."

Real shrubs were used in the Birnam Wood scene and were well wielded by Macbeth (S. Hargreaves) in his final victory over Macduff.

S. VOSS (Maths VI)

## Sporting Jottings

### The First Eleven, 1960

WITH five old colours available great things were expected. But, alas, in the event school were even beaten hollow by our old rivals Stoneborough (twice). The one bright spot was our win against the Old Boys, ably led by the ex-Sussex amateur K. R. Feilder who made eight (clean bowled by Nodder).

During the season the captain (T. S. Nodder) tried no fewer than twenty-three players in the eleven, but there were many failures. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that practice is essential. Only Baileff, Jones and Nodder used the indoor net at all seriously and of those who turned up for the Wed. and Fri. nets on Big Common only Jones and Nodder were ever-present.

The captain (T. S. Nodder) usually gave his side an inspiring start and finished third in the averages (second if we omit the Old Boys' Match) with 8.75 per innings. Baileff was first with 37.2. Baileff improved

considerably but he is still woefully weak on the leg side and must watch his left elbow when he plays back.

Bowling was our strong point. Ackerman and Jones usually kept a good length and worried most visiting batsmen. They were ably supported by T. S. Nodder.

Averages:	
Ackermann	26 wks. for 153 runs
Jones	31 wks. for 271 runs
Nodder	5 wks. for 437 runs

The fielding, there are no two ways about it, was a disgrace. Quite apart from missed catches (seven against Stoneborough, away!) and muffed ground-fielding, the general department of the side left much to be desired. Cricket boots were improperly cleaned (Do not leave Blanco on the soles and heels!), and coloured socks were seen more than once. From these strictures I can exempt only Harrison Senior, Mayhead and Nodder.

T. S. NODDER (Lower VIB)

### Next Term's Football Team

Pen portraits contributed by H. R. Fairlow (Upper VIA, Secretary).

WILLIS: A sound goalie whose play leaves little to be desired (Old Colour).

MEMBER: Energetic and enthusiastic, but must learn to clear his lines more accurately. It is not enough to boot hopefully up-field.

COOPE: Keen, sometimes too keen. The referee's decisions are final and in amateur soccer it is "not done" to appeal vocally for off-side. Coope, as an Old Colour, should know better.

AINSLEY-SMITH: The captain (Old Colour) is of course a tower of strength. His ball distribution is near-perfect and his energy something to wonder at.

GALL: A sound left-half.

WINTERTON: Outside-right or centre-forward (Old Colour). A reliable man whenever he plays, but must avoid tendency to over-elaborate.

(Continued on next page)

### OBITUARY

IAN NORMAN CLEGHORN  
MOWBRAY  
1899-1960

"Inky" Mowbray came to Chanctonbury in 1913, where he will be remembered by some of his contemporaries as a persevering half-back in his Second House side. Reaching Lower Vb in his last year, he enlisted in the Lancashire Fusiliers to which he was gazetted 2/Lt. on Nov. 12, 1918. He then picked up the threads of a career interrupted by war and joined his uncle, S. K. Mowbray (O.C.), in the family stationery firm of Mowbray Ltd., where he had already reached the position of Chief Clerk when he died (aged 60) after a brief illness in his rooms at Brondesbury. D.D.T. writes: "His feelings for his old school, which he last visited in 1919, never changed."

### The Annual Sports

THE 29th Annual Sports and Parents' Day was held on July 6th in the presence of the Mayor and Mayoress, five Governors and Miss Ellis, the Head's daughter. Naturally enough, in Olympics year, the excitement was more than usually intense. "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp," as Browning said. There were record entries in most events—74 for the potato race, 63 for the sack, 59 for egg-and-spoon.

Victor Ludorum was J. Fellows (VB) who won the 100 yds, 220 yds, long jump, high jump and throwing-the-cricket-ball, and came seventh in the mile. He is indeed a worthy champion and should go far. The only incident to mar the occasion was the unseemly behaviour of one of the juniors who interrupted the Staff Race to ask Dr. Dupont (he was leading at the time) for his autograph.

(Details of results on page following)

J. FELLOWS (VB), Athletics Captain

# Quakermuss and the Split

By ALEX ATKINSON

*Fade in opening music.*

*A room in Scotland Yard. Untouched cups of tea, maps with flags, grave uniformed men and a fug of cigarette smoke all combine to create an atmosphere of tension. A pale, beautiful policewoman is nervously sucking a pencil. The Home Secretary is pacing up and down.*

HOME SECRETARY: I don't like it. I don't like it at all. Already the inhabitants of Winchester have asked to be evacuated. If only there were something *tangible* . . . something one could actually chase into Westminster Abbey and dissolve with flame-throwers . . . *(Close-up. His expression changes.)* Wait! I wonder! Get me Professor Quakermuss on the telephone, Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER: Quakermuss? The rocket man?

HOME SECRETARY: Rockets, hobgoblins, things that go bump in the night—it's all one to him. You think this man Bloggs will talk?

COMMISSIONER: If the local police can get him out of his coma I'm sure he will.

HOME SECRETARY *(sitting down to slap his thigh)*: Then, by



*"Don't be a fool! I'm a herpetologist!"*

Jove, it's worth a try! Get me Quakermuss at the double. Er—better make it a personal call.

*Grim music. Policewoman picks up the phone. Close-up of her hand. It is twitching.*

*Dissolve . . . to interior of cottage. Night. Quakermuss sits at table with Bloggs, a village grocer with a moustache. Storm outside. Kettle on the hob.*

QUAKERMUSS: Yes? Yes? . . . Out with it, man! You and your wife couldn't sleep . . . you both got up, you got your car out, and drove to Salisbury Plain. Then what?

BLOGGS *(vaguely)*: There was this . . . this *thing* . . .

QUAKERMUSS: What thing?

BLOGGS: More like a man . . . or a woman . . . upright . . . walking in a dead straight line . . .

QUAKERMUSS: Don't mumble! What was he *doing*?

BLOGGS: He? She? Who knows? . . . It was scraping a line in the soil . . . with a kind of umbrella . . . a *dead straight line*, guv'nor!

QUAKERMUSS *(to himself)*: Great heavens! It all fits in! The blobs . . . the cardboard boxes . . . the unidentified umbrella-ferrule that burned off a shepherd's hand . . . *(To Bloggs)*: Yes? And then what happened?

BLOGGS: The line . . . the line . . . it got wider! We *watched* it! I tell you *it got wider*!

QUAKERMUSS: Control yourself!

BLOGGS: One minute it was half an inch across, the next minute . . . it was half a yard wide—and *deep*!

QUAKERMUSS: *How deep*?

BLOGGS: How do *I* know how deep?

QUAKERMUSS: You didn't think of measuring it?

BLOGGS: No. I blame myself for that.

QUAKERMUSS: And your wife fell in?

BLOGGS: That's right, sir. Oh, get her back, sir, please . . . for Gawd's sake say you'll get her back!

QUAKERMUSS: Take a grip on yourself, man. *Did she say anything*?

BLOGGS: She . . . she said "Oh, Alf, some mysterious force is drawing me on. I can't 'elp meself," she said. And in she went. Oh, it was horrible, horrible. Where . . . where did she go, guv'nor? Where?

*Truck in quickly to close-up of Quakermuss's face. It is twitching.*

QUAKERMUSS: I . . . I need more time . . .

BLOGGS: *Where*?

*There is a silence.*

QUAKERMUSS *(quietly)*: Very well, Bloggs. I want you to brace yourself. If my calculations are correct I'm afraid she went . . . a very long way.



"I see your glass is empty, Mr. Beecham."

BLOGGS: You mean . . . ?

QUAKERMUSS: To the very bowels of the earth. (Thunder.) Perhaps . . . even further.

Bring up music to deafening blare. Close-up of Bloggs's face. It is twitching. The kettle on the hob is twitching. Everything is twitching. Fade out to black.

Fade in—to Salisbury Plain. Night. The split stretches away into the distance, straight as a die, about six feet across. Wisps of smoke come up from its depths. Troops and helicopters are all over the place. A police cordon struggles to hold back a dense crowd of several people. Searchlights illuminate the scene. TV camera crews stand about on top of their vans. Quakermuss is looking up into the sky, thoughtfully. Unseen, Porter of the Daily Globe leans over the edge of the abyss.

PORTER (calling down quietly): I'm from the Daily Globe. Is there anybody there?

Cut to close shot of Police Constables holding back two young men and a woman with a shopping-basket.

1ST CONSTABLE (exhausted): Can't 'old this 'ere mob much longer, sir. They've come all the way from Lunnnon, some of 'em.

QUAKERMUSS (muttering): Poor devils. If only they knew . . .

2ND CONSTABLE: Knew what, sir?

QUAKERMUSS: Ah . . .

1ST CONSTABLE: You mean . . . ?

QUAKERMUSS: Exactly.

2ND CONSTABLE: Gawd!

A cardboard box falls out of the sky, landing a few hundred yards away. Only Quakermuss sees it. The box opens up and a medium-sized quivering blob gets out, holding a kind of umbrella. Music up—loud, insistent, doom-laden. Quakermuss narrows his eyes, and walks abruptly to the Control Hut.

Cut—to inside Control Hut. Quakermuss comes in. Major Crimp is pacing up and down. A R.E.M.E. Sergeant is brewing tea. Pauline is at the control panel, watching the seismographs, thermometers, seaweed, oscillographs, litmus paper, radar screens, neutron microscopes and Geiger counters. They are all twitching.

QUAKERMUSS: Has the water diviner gone?

PAULINE: Yes, Daddy. Something . . . came through the window . . . and got him. It was . . .

QUAKERMUSS (quickly): Horrible?



PAULINE: Yes.

QUAKERMUSS: Any word from Jodrell Bank yet?

PAULINE: Just a Greetings Telegram: "The best of luck."

QUAKERMUSS (*slumping into a chair*): It's too late now, anyhow.

MAJOR CRIMP (*swinging round*): You mean . . . ?

QUAKERMUSS: We're up against something . . . devilish.

MAJOR CRIMP (*aghast*): Not . . . not meteorites?

QUAKERMUSS: Far worse.

MAJOR CRIMP: Not . . . ?

QUAKERMUSS: I'm afraid so—Pauline, you'd better get me the Prime Minister.

*Pauline goes to the telephone.*

MAJOR CRIMP: Look here, Quakermuss—are you holding something back?



QUAKERMUSS (*wearily*): Another cardboard box just landed. I saw it with my own eyes. There was . . . a blob . . .

MAJOR CRIMP: With an umbrella?

*Quakermuss nods.*

This has gone far enough!—Sergeant, take six men. I'll give you a chit for hand-grenades and protective clothing—

QUAKERMUSS: Wait! . . . Have you forgotten what happened last time?

SERGEANT: Not that, Major, please! Four of my mates . . . it was 'orrible! We was pals! We used to laugh and sing together, and now . . . They just . . . turned into little pools of water! That's Corporal 'Arris over there on the shelf, in that saucer. Private 'Obbs was sent 'ome in a beer bottle . . .

MAJOR CRIMP: Rubbish! It was a hallucination. Besides, they weren't wearing gas-masks.

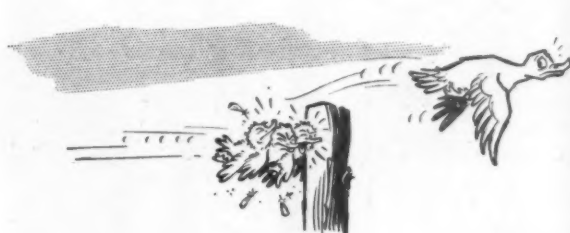
PAULINE: The Prime Minister on the line, Daddy.

QUAKERMUSS (*taking the phone*): Hello. Quakermuss here. I thought you might like to be acquainted with the up-to-date position. The earth as we know it will be a thing of the past within twenty-four hours . . . No, twenty-four . . . (*Impatiently*): Yes, I know I said a week, but things are beginning to move fast. Here's the general picture. (*He smooths out a map on the table.*) Latest reports show widening fissures, exact counterparts of the Salisbury Plain split, in Chalon-sur-Saône, Benghazi, Kilimanjaro, Mauritius, Wellington, New Zealand, San Diego, Winnipeg, Burnt Creek in Labrador, and Carrick-on-Shannon. These fissures are not only widening but lengthening—and they all lie along the same dead straight line. Now, when this line is joined up at all points—and I am assuming that it is being continued on the beds of the Pacific, Atlantic and Indian Oceans—the result will be that the earth will fall

apart in two roughly equal pieces; all the forces of gravity will be released from the centre with a deafening roar; time will cease to exist; both halves of our planet will shoot away from the solar system in different directions, spilling molten metal over a wide area, at approximately eight million light years Centigrade per cubic foot; and I don't know about you but I won't be responsible for the consequences . . . What? . . . Well of course it will affect the crops! . . . Very good, sir. Thank God, sir. Good night. (*He puts down the phone and stares ahead, haggard and careworn but with hope in his eyes.*)

PAULINE (*tenderly*): Any luck, Daddy?

QUAKERMUSS (*nodding faintly*): He's going to call a Cabinet meeting.



PAULINE: Hurrah! (*Hugging him*): Daddy, I just knew you'd do it!

SERGEANT (*cheerfully*): Cup o' char, sir?

*Music up. Slow dissolve—to Quakermuss's lab. Morning. A retort bubbles merrily over a bunsen burner. Quakermuss is reading the Daily Globe. Pauline is looking out of the window. Major Crimp is pacing up and down. Close-up of front page headline: WORLD ENDS TO-NIGHT! Exclusive!*

QUAKERMUSS (*throwing down the paper*): Fools! This is the sort of cheap journalism that could quite easily cause widespread uneasiness.

PAULINE (*throwing open the window*): I think it has, Daddy.

*Through the window comes a great murmuring, groaning sound, mingled with the tramping of feet, the revving of cars, the tooting of horns, the strumming of guitars, the lowing of cattle, the wailing of children and all the other pathetic noises which are to be expected when a whole nation makes for the hills in blind panic.*

QUAKERMUSS (*joining her at the window*): Thank God they haven't started looting yet.

MAJOR CRIMP (*closing the window*): Now look here, Quakermuss—you've got to do something. I realize it's too late now to mobilize the Territorials, but—

QUAKERMUSS: Wait! There's just a slender chance! Now listen closely. Last night I went out and captured one of the blobs, barely out of its cardboard box—

PAULINE (*horrified*): Daddy!

QUAKERMUSS: Before it had time to transform itself—as they undoubtedly do—into the shape of a human creature, I anaesthetized it and subjected it to a certain experiment. *Major Crimp gives a low whistle.*

It is now boiling in this retort. (*He turns off the bunsen burner.*) I added some ammoniated crystals of butane gas to hasten the process of clinical atomic segregation, according



to Golombek's Law of Diminishing Returns. The fragmented gamma rays were precipitated by compound ultrasonic synthesis into this Leyden jar, and I have placed them in a sealed envelope. I think we have nothing more to fear from them.

PAULINE (*serenely*): Gosh!

QUAKERMUSS: Now, then. If my theory is correct these blobs—or, as I prefer to call them, ambidextrous bifocal amoeba—are arriving in batches of six at a time from somewhere beyond the Cophetua galaxy—that is, *from the far distant future!*

MAJOR CRIMP (*with slow realization*): Not . . . not Communists, after all!

*was a narrow squeak, mother!*"—"Now for a world free from fear!"—"This calls for a drink!"—etc.

PAULINE: The Minister of Works on the line, Daddy.

QUAKERMUSS (*taking the phone*): Quakermuss here . . . Yes, it's all over . . . All that remains now is to fill in the splits . . . Well, I suppose kitchen rubbish, slag heaps, atomic waste, old steam-engines, clinkers, sand, and so on . . . Yes, I'm afraid it *will* mean full employment, all over the world . . . Not enough shovels? Well, that's your problem, old chap, not mine. I think I may say I've . . . done my part. (*He hangs up, and passes a hand across his eyes.*)

PAULINE (*giving him a cup of tea*): Daddy, you're all in. Why don't you put your feet up?

*Quakermuss smiles, wearily but with pride.*

PAULINE (*to Major Crimp*): Now are you sorry for all the horrid things you said to Daddy?

*Close-up of the Major's hand seeking hers, and squeezing it.*

MAJOR CRIMP: I'll make it up to you, Pauline. You'll see . . .

*Music up. Fade in caption THE END. Roll final credits and fade to black.*



QUAKERMUSS: Exactly. Now, since they go about their job in robot fashion, producing their splits in the earth's crust with such mathematical accuracy that although they may be working a thousand miles apart the straight line does not deviate by a single hair's breadth from a preordained directional norm, it seems likely that they are in fact all parts—however scattered—of one enormous entity: inextricably interrelated, interdependent; co-ordinated with a single all-embracing sympathetic sensitivity—or, if you like, brain.

MAJOR CRIMP: You mean . . . ?

QUAKERMUSS (*taking out a revolver*): Quite.

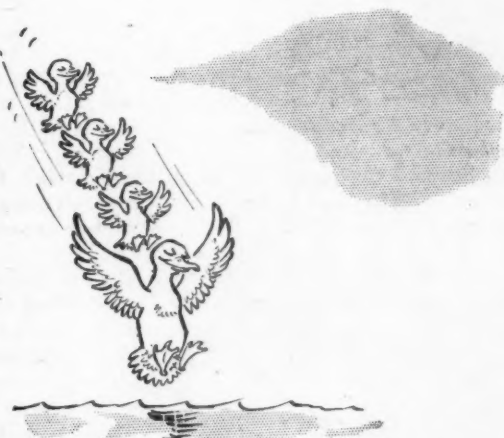
*He fires two shots into the retort at point-blank range. The lab is filled for a few moments with the sound of a wild, unearthly blubbling scream—half human, half amoeba-like: it seems to come not only from the writhing, twitching jelly in the smashed retort, but from the very ends and corners of the earth. Then a deathly stillness.*

MAJOR CRIMP (*sniffing*): What's that curious, characteristic smell?

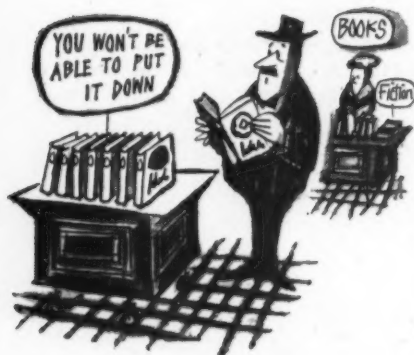
QUAKERMUSS (*with quiet triumph*): Neutrons . . .

*Cut to film sequence: a montage showing blobs and umbrella-bearing figures disintegrating with bloodcurdling screams in the quiet French countryside, in the burning deserts of Africa, among the hot springs of New Zealand, the snow-covered wastes of Labrador, the mist-haunted vales of the Republic of Ireland, etc., etc. Fade out.*

*Fade in—to the lab. Quakermuss and Major Crimp are standing at the open window. Pauline is at the telephone. From outside comes the sound of happy, excited talk and laughter, patriotic songs, piano-accordion music, as the vast throng makes its way back from the hills. Isolated shouts drift up: "That*



HARGREAVES



## Standardized Standards Wanted

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

I SUPPOSE a lot of people have been laughing at the post office counter clerks of Hull, whose new counter is too wide. "If a man is even the slightest bit corpulent," one of them told the *Times* local man, "it will be hard going for him." But it's easy enough to laugh. What is needed is a remedy for this situation. The Hull public and its post office clerks obviously can't go on straining and grunting to touch finger-tips across the waste of plastic; for one thing it's only going to aggravate the old, unsolved problem of territorial boundaries; many a post office customer, thumbing his shopping list of four hundred and six assorted insurance stamps, wonders whether he's supposed to shove it across or wait for the man to lean over and get it. Some customers, with an inborn gift for shove-ha'penny, like to send their half-crowns gliding over, and at Hull, where the receiving arm is at full stretch, these are likely to go right up its sleeve. A busy clerk, whose blood has already been pushed into his head by a morning's pressure on the waistline, won't have even the energy or the patience to dance about shaking his arms. Especially if he's the slightest bit corpulent.

But this isn't just a question of Hull, it's all post offices undergoing £5,000 modernization schemes. It isn't even a question of post offices, come to that.

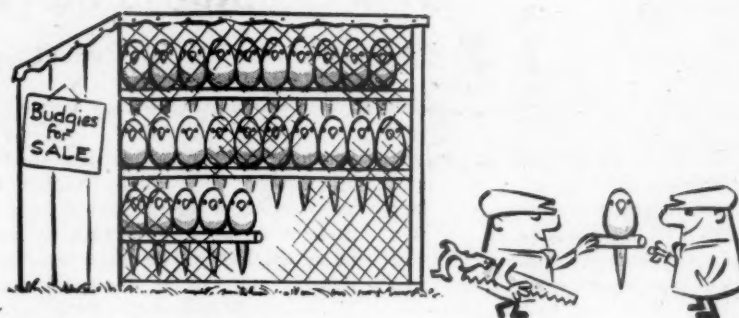
It's a question of all the material equipment of work and leisure whose heights and widths and (in the case of tip-back desk chairs) points of irrevocable backward tip are fixed by some person or body of persons unknown. I happen to be thinking particularly of some of the seating on Brighton-line trains, where the head can only be rested on the bulge intended for it if the passenger measures five feet from rump to occiput and sits bolt upright. This is why observers on the intermediate stations through which these trains pass are able to see compartments full of sleeping stockbrokers, whose heads are revolving on their chests with the broken rhythms of the rails, like seaweed in the tide. Later, when these same men make their statutory homeward stop in a bar, their still sleepy feet may be seen unconsciously groping for the rungs of the stool, which may not exist at all, or be on two sides only. Sometimes the men, dimly recognizing discomfort, will abandon the stool for the counter, and stand there pawing for the brass rail, which is sometimes so high that a shoe waves for ten minutes without finding it; sometimes so low that the drinker who realizes that his wife has been expecting him for some time now will turn away suddenly, find his foot wedged, and tear the more vulnerable ligaments of the ankle.



Mr. R. E. Boatman, Hull's head postmaster, told the *Times* man that the width of the new counter had been "approved by a working party" and had "become standard for post offices due for modernization." This is all very well in a civilization which has produced, under the guidance of a working party of skilled geneticists, a standard post office clerk. In time this may come, as may a standard stockbroker, but in the present state of things a degree of adaptability is desirable. How are these working parties selected in the first place? Is any attempt made, either by the Postmaster-General or the top brass in British Railways coachworks, to assemble the long and the short and the tall, or are they simply men who understand about plastic surfaces and about upholstery designs calculated to reduce wrath over the present price of so-called cheap day returns?

Neither of my available reference books seems to have much on this. I learn that the Controller of the Board of Trade Standards Department is Mr. T. G. Poppy (though this was in 1953, and he may have fallen backwards out of his chair by now), but there's no information about whether, in approving, say, an eye-level grill, he considers the average level of eyes. I read that the British Standards Institution was formed when the Institution of Civil Engineers, the Institution of Electrical Engineers, the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, the Iron and Steel Institute and the Institution of Naval Architects got together and turned themselves into a Joint Engineering Standards Committee, and that it now has a branch office in Buenos Aires; but more precise details are lacking, and there is no suggestion that the Institution is reaching out a helping hand to the man on the counter at Hull, with his "Two threepennies—*ergh!*—five shilling postal order—*oof!*—and your Savings Bank book, madam—*aargh!* *Phew!*" That "Position Closed" board is going to be propped up after every customer at this rate . . . if he can get it near enough to the customer for it to be legible.

I see from my other source of information that there are Standard Sizes of British Books, and a rum lot they are, from F8 at  $6\frac{3}{4}$ " x  $4\frac{1}{4}$ " to Impfol at 22" x 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". This explains why a



ROY DAVIS

circulating library I used to visit at Uxbridge, where the wares were for the most part carefully classified under Detection, Western, Autobiography and Dictionaries, had a section at one end labelled "Mixed Large."

The trouble, as I see it, is a pre-occupation with classifications of the stuffy, scientific kind, rather than of public convenience, if the phrase doesn't fall awkwardly. The mathematicians may have enjoyed themselves deciding that 1 International Ampere = 0.99985 Absolute Amperes (if the plural is in order); or, even more enjoyably, that 1 International Henry, which seems to be a unit of inductance, and the best of British luck to it, = 1.00049 Absolute

Henry. None of this, in my view, makes it any easier for the average householder to remove a defunct electric bulb from one of those narrow glass shades, popular with bathroom equipment experts, that he can't get his hand in to catch hold of. My own solution, to wrap the whole fitting in a stout hand-towel and strike sharply with a hammer, would no doubt be considered absurd by Mr. T. G. Poppy, his successors and assigns, but if some working party has a better suggestion I should like to hear it.

In the meantime, and to return to Hull, the fact is that 1 New Post Office Counter = 1 Absolute Mess. But at least that's in plain figures.

## Lines to a Lady

COULD I create the world anew  
In any manner that I chose  
I should not rob the dawn of dew  
Or introduce a thornless rose;

I should not furnish men with wings  
Or regulate the winter wind,  
Or see that all precarious things  
Were buttressed up and underpinned.

I think I should not even choose  
To drown the Devil in the Somme,  
Reform the Church, convert the Jews,  
Abolish sex, or ban the Bomb.

Could I create the world anew  
This is the world I should create.  
I should not even alter you,  
Though the temptation would be great.

— R. P. LISTER



# Look Before You Write

By R. G. G. PRICE

*A warning against lightly starting something in a Correspondence Column*

I SIMPLY cannot understand Julia Heep's inability to work for a research degree while bringing up four children. I do a wholtime job as a University Lecturer, I publish a great deal of experimental work, I have seven children under ten, I cook my family varied meals, never repeating a menu, and I find plenty of time both to be an intellectual companion to my husband and to engage in cultural activities within my neighbourhood community. By waking up seven minutes earlier in the morning I manage to master a new European language every five years. When my eldest son became interested in modelling I took evening classes in sculpture. I find plenty of time to "be myself," in Mrs. Heep's phrase, and I also find time for my window-boxes.

\* \* \*

WHY on earth does Carol Hope-Ennis find it so difficult to open the Cellophane covering of newly bought shirts? You simply need a tin-opener, manual variety, sharpened to a fine cutting edge, and a firm surface. Make an incision, rip towards the lateral seams, reverse and there you are. What could be simpler?

\* \* \*

I HAVE never had the slightest difficulty in finding the local Bergamese wines in England. T. Jones has only to send a postcard to "Vino," Flat 2a, Post Office Road, West Accrington, for a list of the full range. Delivery is prompt. It is slightly more difficult to find Morean wines, though well worth the trouble. Apply, in the first place, to Monsieur Phillipe de Vallée, 24 bis, Rue 17 Octobre, Cahors, Lot, France. Stanley & Banks, the soft-toy people, keep a small stock of Swedish clarets in their Walsall branch.

\* \* \*

THERE is no reason at all why it should have taken Miss Edith Peace two-and-a-half hours to go from

her home in Ealing to her sister-in-law on a new housing estate in Hornsey. If traffic is bad at the junction of Ledger Street and Washington Avenue, she can be certain there will be delays to surface transport at the Lower Vale roundabout. All she has to do is to take a bus in the *wrong* direction to Mitcham. There is

rarely a hold-up on this route. Then it is simple to walk half-a-mile or so to Hapgood Park gates and pick up the first trolley for Hornsey that happens to come along. London Transport get blamed for a good deal that is really due to the refusal of the average woman to take a single step off her favourite route.





I AM puzzled by Lord Beam's letter. Surely there is nothing at all surprising in seeing a crested wap-in a Surrey garden at this time of year, particularly if it contains water. A crested wap is known to have nested in Hampshire only six years ago and another was reported at Rye in the year after the end of the war. Some authorities think that there may be no fewer than four pairs in Britain at the moment.

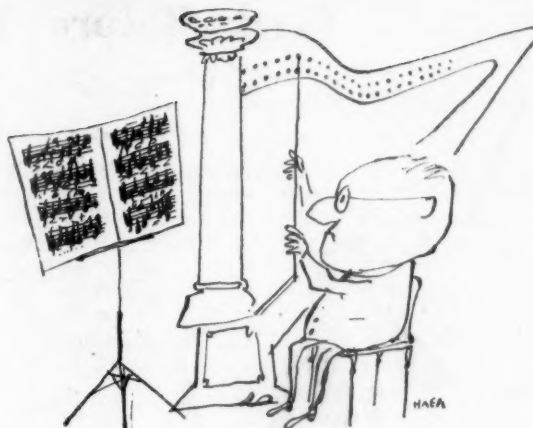
JAMES HARKER'S birth-place is in perfectly good repair and I find it hard to understand what the Rev. Porter Gates is complaining about. There may be some superficial disrepair but the structure is perfectly sound. Even the drains are in good condition, as he could very easily have found by doing a smoke-test instead of simply leaning over the gate and noting a few missing tiles and a broken window or two. The best way to show respect for the great geometrician is not by harrying public bodies which have plenty of more urgent jobs to do but by making sure his work is appreciated by the rising generation of mathematicians. Mr. Gates, by the way, noticed a fissure in the brickwork that is not there. It is a line of green mould.

DR. JECK'S calculations are wrong. He has neglected to allow for wastage. I am sorry to have to say it, but every one of those elaborate figures needs correcting by a factor of seven-and-a-half per cent. It might be as well if, the next time he puts himself forward as an amateur statistician, he invited some schoolboy to check his arithmetic.

THE short reply to Arthur Friend's letter is that it is not a record. Three umpires were laid out by wides during a match in Singapore on May 17, 1904.

THE manuscript journal of Lucius Dribben has not disappeared at all and I cannot for the life of me imagine why on earth Mr. Lemp should assert that it has. It is in the Foss-Fortescue Collection in the Permanwiki City Library, Tasmania.

OF the many fallacies contained in Mrs. Harold's letter . . .



## Good Shot

By J. E. HINDER

*The Football League intends to spend £45,000 of the money received from ITV on a "boost-the-gates" advertising plan*

*Close-up of PRIMROSE, an ultra-smart model.*

PRIMROSE: When David asked me to go to a Professional Soccer Match, I was horrified! I went to one years ago when I was at school, and, frankly, I didn't like it a bit! A lot of—well—very rough men in caps all shouting and pushing. And the language! It was awful! Well, David told me it wasn't like that at all now, so, last Saturday, I let him persuade me to go with him to our local Super Stadium.

*Dissolve to section of "crowd" in Stadium. PRIMROSE and DAVID immaculately garbed are seated on gaily striped canvas chairs. Next to them are a distinguished middle-aged woman in fur coat and her husband. He has a vandyke and monocle. A well-bred cheer rises from the crowd.*

MAN: Oh, played, Carruthers!

WOMAN: Isn't that "Bingo" Carruthers' boy—you know, the one whose uncle was at the F.O. with you?

MAN: Yes, that's right, my dear. Some of the best people are in Professional Soccer these days you know!

*A white-coated attendant unobtrusively appears by DAVID's side with a tray.*

ATTENDANT: Your coffee, sir.

DAVID: Oh, thanks! (To PRIMROSE). Enjoying yourself, darling?

PRIMROSE: Lovely! I wouldn't have believed I could have enjoyed Professional Soccer so much! It's all so smart!

DAVID: Yes, Professional Soccer is the thing nowadays. And this is only the Popular Side, too!

*Fade to C/U of PRIMROSE as at start.*

PRIMROSE: No, you don't catch me going shopping. Saturday afternoon now I've seen Professional Soccer! All the girls in the office are mad about Professional Soccer, too! And it's so cheap!

*Fade to film of Real Madrid versus Eindhoven.*

*A voice talks enthusiastically as the film progresses.*

VOICE: People who believe in having the best things in life never miss Professional Soccer at their local Super Stadiums! Visit Professional Soccer in your town! You'll never regret it! Remember: Professional Soccer on Saturday afternoon—and in the week! Best value for money you'll get!

*Cut to DAVID and PRIMROSE on the terrace. They sing, hand in hand.*

DAVID AND P.: Saturday afternoon at three

Professional Soccer, that's for me!

GOAL!!



## Please Signify in the Usual Manner

By LESLIE MARSH

ONE of the ordeals that test the touring statesman is the interpretation of crowd emotions. Once when Mr. Khrushchev heard people booing he thought they were cheering and when told that the boo was on the other foot he practised mouthing the syllable to himself, as a child will repeat a new word, getting used to it as a sound of disfavour. And when, during a speech by Mr. Hammarskjöld, the Russian was seen thumping the table puzzled Western observers

didn't know if this meant he was for or against.

There is a lot more than meets the ear about this matter of why different men make different noises to register their feelings. The word "Boo" itself is mystifying enough. To begin with it is Evelyn Laye's nickname and I can scarcely think of any actress who has been given fewer hostile receptions. The vowel part of it is so melodious that young singers are made to chase it through the scale. Any unprejudiced

performer hearing for the first time an audience booing on a high note would almost certainly take it for an encore; it is only the low pitch that wounds.

Hogtied as he was in Manhattan, Mr. Khrushchev had no opportunity of visiting American universities; otherwise he would have been further confounded by the triple cheer of Princeton, which begins:

H'ray, h'ray, h'ray,  
Tiger, tiger, tiger,  
Siss, siss, siss,  
Boom, boom, boom

Here we have not only the baffling boo, plus m, but an exact equivalent of the dreaded hiss, both given in acclamation. The hurrah noise, at least, is something to rely on wherever a worried diplomat may be journeying. It is a constant factor in German, Scandinavian, Russian (urá) and French. But I don't know what Mr. Khrushchev, whom I have never seen as an Aristophanes fan, would have made of the opening of the Yale cheer—

Brekekekex, ko-ax, ko-ax

unless it were something about co-existence.

A good deal of our understanding of human behaviour has been gained by observation of animals, but don't imagine this makes the problem any easier because the chimpanzees of Tenerife, who have come in for a lot of time and emotion study, make a deep "oo" sound when in tears, much as a child goes boo-hoo; in other more private griefs they reach a high "ee," which is pure Lancashire; and in pleasurable excitement repeat "och," which is sheer Scotch character acting. The same Tenerife chimpanzees could have helped the UN reporters in New York if they had watched the animals as closely as scientists have, for they show great discontent by striking the ground rapidly with the hand, not normally having a table available. (Joyous expectation, less often expressed at UN meetings, they mark by animated nodding of the head.)

Signs, animal or human, are as unreliable, internationally, as sounds. The Roman code of applause could well be misunderstood by a modern envoy. Snapping the finger and thumb and waving a flap of the toga at the actors were the first-nighters' marks of approval. How the customs of

their theatre came to be transferred to early Christian churches is of little interest to Mr. Khrushchev. But they did. Congregations were encouraged to wave linen cloths during the discourse in a "Well preached, that man" spirit. Cloth-waving and thumb-snapping have long passed, together with biting the thumb in disparagement. As for that gesture, any modern insulter caught biting his thumb at the Russian leader, a forthright man whatever his mannerisms, could never hope to get away with that cowardly compromise of the Capulet supporter challenged by the Montague minions. ("Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?" "I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.") Mr. Khrushchev would have some colourful and justified adjectives for that slimy evasion.

But since thumb-biting now means nothing more than doubt it is merely adding to the all-round bewilderment to list it, as Roget cheerfully does, with nasty words like vilipendency, gleeking and plucking by the beard. There is no longer any certainty that a pluck by the beard is a genuine gleek, not in an age when the slow hand-clap means derision in every sport except swimming, where it means the opposite. I rely on the psychologist Landis to sum up the whole tangle: "With the sole exception of smiling, it has proved impossible to discover any constant pattern of facial or bodily expression diagnostic of any one specific emotional state." Don't you agree?

## Heartless

Dr. V. K. Zworykin, president of the International Federation for Medical Electronics, forecasts the replacement of human organs by electronically controlled devices.

MAN of Science, ere we part  
Give, oh, give me back my heart.  
I cannot like this substitute  
Device, prosthetic, sterile, mute.  
For though it cannot quail, be tossed  
By restless passion, broken, lost,  
I cannot pluck it up, nor warm  
Its plastic cockles. Worse, no form  
That earnest scientists conceive  
Would grace, I think, a wanton sleeve.

— T. R. JOHNSON



## I Wished the Floor Would Open

HARD to know who's right in domestic differences. Both wrong most of the time, probably. Wife and I went to Brighton to take actor-friend out to lunch, dry roads, lovely day, but each a touch of indigestion perhaps. At Palace Pier traffic lights I took exception being informed they were red and no doubt spoke over-sharply, whereat wife requested be put out, and last seen walking direction Rottingdean. Drove on.

Chatted lightly actor-friend South-downs Grill after explaining wife headache, stayed home, regrets, very

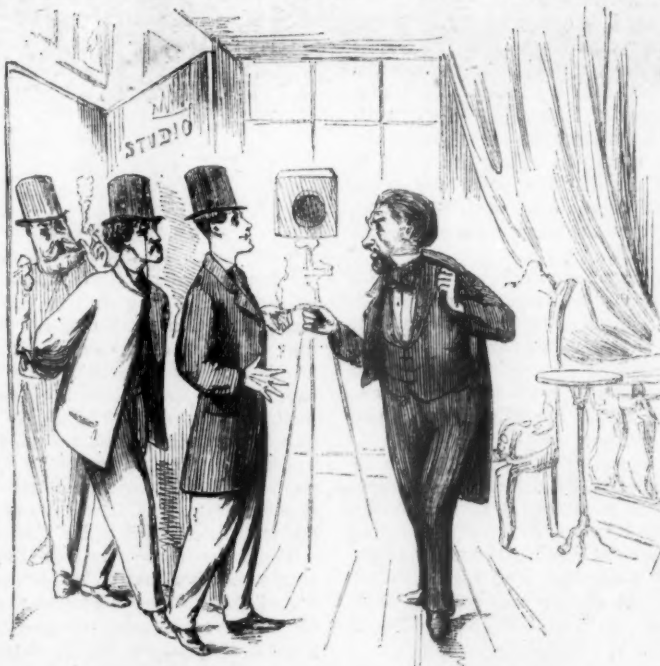
disappointed. Talked of actors, theatre, stage, the drama, playwrights, the drama, theatre, actors, with occasional interpolation pity wife not here, would have enjoyed.

Surprised when waiter brings two bills. "No, no," I said—"my guest." Waiter says quite understands, but other bill from lady in corner. Wife looks charming, indigestion quite gone, joins us for coffee, proffers no explanation any kind. Actor-friend asks no questions, told no lies, talks actors, theatre, stage, the drama, playwrights, the drama, theatre, actors . . .

— J. B. B.

## THEN . . .

In the early summer of 1860 George du Maurier, blind in one eye, his student days in Paris over, borrowed ten pounds of his mother's annuity and returned to England, determined to earn his living as an illustrator. His first drawing appeared in Punch a hundred years ago. It shows, reading from the left, Tammy Lamont ("The Laird" of Trilby), Whistler, and du Maurier himself. The artist complained that the engravers had completely spoilt it.



PHOTOGRAPHER. "No Smoking here, Sir!"

DICK TINTO. "Oh! A thousand pardons! I was not aware that—"

PHOTOGRAPHER (interrupting with dignified severity). "Please to remember, Gentlemen, that this is not a Common Artist's Studio!"—[N.B. Dick and his friends, who are Common Artists, feel shut up by this little aristocratic distinction, which had not yet occurred to them.]

[October 6, 1860]



## In the City



### Tales from the Giants

SOME of the giants of British industry have been in the news lately and have done their best to protect the Stock Exchange from the attack of nerves which has subdued Wall Street. First we have had an exemplary half-yearly report from Imperial Chemical Industries. Secondly we have been given the first alluring hint of the merger between English Electric and the General Electric Company, an industrial marriage which in size will out-top any previous merger between two British industrial companies.

The I.C.I. figures are remarkable and also instructive. They show that cutting prices does pay. This largest industrial group in Britain is wedded to the policy of giving a very large part of the fruits of increased efficiency to its customers. It has reduced its selling prices but in spite of this the value of its sales in the first half of this year, at £288 million, was 15 per cent higher than in the first half of 1959.

Even more remarkable, however, is the fact that the net income earned in the first six months of 1960, at £27.6 million, was 38 per cent higher than in the comparable period of 1959. Compare those two percentages and you get a very accurate idea of the increased efficiency of this colossus.

The interim dividend has been raised from 9d. to 1s. 3d. Some of this increase is said to be intended to remove the disparity between the interim and final payments; but earnings are now running so well above the level of distributed profits that an appreciably higher distribution for the whole year would appear to be a foregone conclusion.

To add to the lustre of this statement the company has announced that at the end of the year it will repay the £20 million loan stock which matures at that time. It will do so out of its own cash resources. There's richness for you.

I.C.I. are shares to be held through thick and thin, and at the moment shareholders are getting their jam spread very thick.

The other giant, this one still in the formative stage, is the merger between English Electric and G.E.C. This is to be achieved through the creation of a holding company whose shares will be exchanged, on terms yet to be announced, for those now held by the shareholders in each company.

These two groups are of about equal size and should make congenial partners. English Electric is more involved than its partner on the heavier side of the electrical industry, while G.E.C. manufactures many lines of lighter goods—lamps, telephones, etc.—which have never fallen within the English Electric range. The two groups, however, overlap in the manufacture of a wide variety of consumer goods and it is here that

considerable dove-tailing and rationalization should be possible.

The new unit will probably be the largest in the electrical industry; but it will hold nothing like a monopolistic position. Lord Chandos' A.E.I. will be there to give it a good run for its money and to maintain keenness of competition and the economic health that derives from it. But there is no doubt that the merger will create a more efficient unit and that the shares of two separate companies are well worth holding in anticipation of economies to come.

Mergers, share exchanges and arrangements for pooling of research have come thick and fast in the electrical industry. E.M.I. and Ardenne and Reyrolle, C. A. Parsons and A.E.I. have appeared in them. There are probably more to come, for this is an industry that requires a giant's strength.

— LOMBARD LANE

\* \* \*

## In the Country



### A Chargeable Fish

PIKE provide the best of winter fishing, and on rivers where trout are preserved it is a duty as well as a pleasure to thin them out, for though they may act as scavengers and kill weakly fish they undoubtedly play havoc with healthy ones as well. Wild fish probably behave very differently from those in aquariums, but, for what it is worth, someone has estimated that a small pike in a lake will eat at least 80 lb. of fish a year . . . Walton truly said the pike was "chargeable to his keeper."

There are those who say that the biggest fish are caught by live-baiting, a cold and unfriendly process, but the fact is that far more man-hours are spent by live-baiters than by those who spin, and their chances are so much the greater.

Delicate tackle is not needed. A wire trace replaces the salmon fisher's nylon (pike have sharp teeth, and an ungloved hand should not be put into a pike's

mouth, whether he be dead or alive). The bait can be a spoon, a plug, a dead fish, or almost anything else; they say that a red tag of wool, or some red paint on a metal lure, attracts the pike; certainly a plug fashioned in the likeness of a pikelet is effective. The colder the weather, the deeper the bait should go, and it should wobble along, imitating a fish that is ill or feeling sorry for itself. The quiet corners, out of the current, are places where pike lie in wait.

Curious creatures, they ignore food for days on end, then feed ravenously, all together, as though each were jealous that his confederates would get the lot—which may, indeed, be the reason. Some people say that cold weather stirs the fish into life; but a cloudy sky, with the wind from the south-west, is just as likely to help.

Pike are important in the average fisherman's estimation, for they provide the only real chance of getting a twenty-pounder. There is, of course, the carp, but he plays only in summer, and is a pachydermatous, plebeian creature, looking like some relic of prehistoric times, lacking all beauty.

Time was when pike were food of the nobility, especially when served with a sauce of oysters and claret, but since it is said to have taken about six hundred of them to feed one hundred people at a banquet, the inference is that the chefs of those days knew exactly which tiny fillets to use . . . and gave the rest to the cat.

— ANTHONY CLARKSON

# R in the Month





## AT THE PLAY

*Naked Island* (ARTS)  
*The Last Joke* (PHENIX)

I READ and admired Russell Braddon's account of life in Changi prison in his book, and now he has transferred it very powerfully to the stage. The squeamish need not fear an evening of Jap brutality; the essence of the play is the wisdom and unselfishness which the experience distilled in prisoners who realized unheroically that they would never have the chance in peace to share so fine a spirit.

*Naked Island* is almost a documentary. Brian Currah's set is based on a drawing made on the spot in Changi by Ronald Searle. In this small courtyard are five P.O.W.s who have been excused the cell-block by their fellow-prisoners because they operate the single illicit radio on which the whole camp relies for information. In a series of episodes Mr. Braddon shows us

their daily life, their tensions, their extraordinary sensitiveness to the changes in each other's morale. Four of them form a party of Australians bound closely by the horrors of the Thailand railway; the fifth is a Scot captured later and deeply conscious of the difference. This is an episodic play with no central dramatic development, but for me the flowering of character in this hot-house atmosphere was quite enough. Mr. Braddon's dialogue is very good, his use of understatement immensely effective. Above all he gives one the feeling that this is exactly how such men in such circumstances would talk and behave. After all, he was there. The bitter, friendly humour of the Australians cuts across the emotional scenes like a lash. It is a funny as well as a moving play.

The operation of the secret radio at great danger of discovery is an ordeal that must be gone through every night. The Jap sentry slaps faces but is a good-natured oaf mercilessly ragged. Upstairs in the cells the mate of one of the men, who had

saved his life in Thailand, is dying of TB, nursed devotedly by his friend. From day to day men lose faith and brokenly recover themselves, watched compassionately by their mates; long ago they have all proved their courage to each other's satisfaction. In animal conditions their self-imposed code preserves the elements of civilization. At the end, when the news of the armistice comes through on the radio, they are knocked endways, and one realizes that for at least one of them it is the finish of the best life he has known. This is *Maggie*, an irrepressible Australian played marvelously by Charles Kay.

But all the acting is natural and unexaggerated. John Neville is excellent as the philosopher of the party. The only fault I can find with Edward Burnham's production is that too much is thrown away inaudibly, which is right for these men but not for the theatre. By the end of the week I am sure this will be rectified. This is the kind of play that should run for twelve months in a sensible West End. But it has no silly blondes in it, and no out-and-out stars. I wonder?

*The Last Joke* is a glittering exercise in mannered artificiality which adds up to very little beyond a superb production. It bears as small relation to life as a fairy tale, and it is hard to decide what Enid Bagnold, who knows how to write a play, is really at. Her characters are askew in a world of unreason, and she makes no attempt to supply the master-key to this distortion; with so much unexplained and so much omitted they become puppets whose eccentricities seem largely without point. For a time their unexpectedness holds one's interest, but mystification is not enough, in spite of amusing scenes extremely well acted.

John Gielgud is the central figure, and employs all his skill in disguising his



[The Last Joke]

Prince Ferdinand Cavanati—JOHN GIELGUD

Edward Portal—RALPH RICHARDSON

## REP. SELECTION

Library, Manchester, *The Quare Fellow*, until October 29.  
Little, Bristol, *A Shred of Evidence*, until October 15.  
Perth Theatre, *Inherit the Wind*, until October 8.  
Everyman, Cheltenham, *Hassan*, until October 8.



incredibility. He is a Ruritanian prince in exile, a mathematician in the Einstein class who has got so near the final truth that he is anxious to die in order to check his findings. He is constantly threatening himself with a revolver—at times the play takes the path of comic melodrama—but before he uses it he is determined to recover a portrait of his mother stolen years earlier by a millionaire collector, taken with masterly extravagance by Ralph Richardson. The prince has a younger brother, whom Robert Flemyng makes an oasis of normality; he is pursued by the millionaire's daughter, Anna Massey, but fends her off lest she should interfere with his whole-time job of preventing the suicide of his ridiculous brother. Both he and she carry guns. There is a suggestion of something more than fraternal love between the brothers, but this is never resolved.

The millionaire, who has a grim shevalet who bathes him and turns out to have a larger part in his quite unbelievable story than one imagined, gives a dance in his preposterous house for his daughter, into which Sir John gate-crashes, steals the picture back again, obtains the millionaire's confession in a woodland glade by very bright moonlight, and, finding that his brother, in a scene of which we are deprived, has capitulated to the girl, at last feels free to shoot himself. His death, like everything else in this strange piece, touches our emotions not at all.

Naturally, since it is by Miss Bagnold, there is some good talk, but leading nowhere. At moments I was reminded of Anouilh (*Ring Round the Moon*) and Max Beerbohm, but both these were authors careful to make their point. Miss Bagnold appears to have been wilfully careless, even in telling her grotesque story. Glen Byam Shaw's production could not be more polished, Felix Kelly's settings cleverly suggest the macabre insanity of the millionaire, and as I have indicated, the acting, especially Sir John Gielgud's, is much better than the play.

#### Recommended

Ross (Haymarket—18/5/60), Rattigan on T. E. Lawrence. *A Man for All Seasons* (Globe—13/7/60), Paul Scofield as Sir Thomas More. *Billy Liar* (Cambridge—21/9/60), wonderful comic performance by Albert Finney.

—ERIC KEOWN

#### AT THE PICTURES

*Home from the Hill*  
*Too Hot to Handle*  
*Surprise Package*

I HATE being merely destructive and in effect telling the would-be filmgoer that among the new lot there's not one I care to recommend for any reason whatever; but this week . . . Well, the most bearable was *Home from the Hill* (Director: Vincente Minnelli), because it was the most professionally made and most worthwhile visually (CinemaScope Metrocolor



"Well, I didn't enjoy it when it was previously televised in 1956 and I'm not enjoying it now!"

photography: Milton Krasner). It's strong emotional drama about what the synopsis calls a "lusty" Southern landowner who is disappointed when his son turns out to be not so miscellaneously lusty: well made, with interesting hunting-and-shooting detail and some good bit-playing, and, as I say, nice to look at . . . but in a week offering one or two good films I doubt that I'd have mentioned it.

Now for *Too Hot to Handle* (Director: Terence Young), where we have the exasperating, even (to anyone who cares about films) heartbreaking sight of British film-makers beating their chests in an effort to show that they can be just as tough and smart as Americans, and wasting a whole row of good players, not to mention technicians, in the process. Nine-tenths of the trouble here is, I would say, in the script. There is a good film to be made about the Soho gangs and "strip clubs"; and it would take an ironical, detached view of the way many men there, as elsewhere, dramatize themselves as old-style movie Americans, down to the out-of-date wisecracks and the offhand, he-man swagger that looks about as natural as their shoulders. But we don't get that irony in this film; we get the self-dramatization taken seriously, we're supposed to be impressed by it. At a knock on his door the club-owner snarls "Come in, no one's taking a bath," and that is meant to establish him as a hard wisecracking tough, not (as you might suppose) a show-off. Everyone talks in this way, except the "French" reporter (he sings a snatch of "*Sur le pont d'Avignon*" to make us quite

certain he's French, but he has a German accent) and two or three of the girls, most of whom are there to provide as much as possible of the sort of thing the film pretends to disapprove of. For we must see what goes on in the strip clubs, mustn't we, including one or two stage turns complete . . . The sheer waste of clever people in all this is depressing. Still more depressing is the presence in the dialogue of indications ("Lambeth Palace? That's the Archbishop of Canterbury's place!") that the film is counted on to please in the U.S. Who decided that the best thing to do that would be an imitation of the good American films of nearly thirty years ago, spiced with near-nudity to attract precisely those child-minds that our "X" certificate was designed to keep away?

The script, again, is the trouble with *Surprise Package* (Director: Stanley Donen), and here it's possible to explain more precisely what's wrong. The story is adapted from a book by Art Buchwald, and again and again, without knowing the book but knowing Mr. Buchwald's style, I was able to identify some dialogue line as a plain Yankee-in-Europe crack, in the Mark Twain tradition, absolutely literary (or monologuist) in feeling and quite out of place in any developing narrative about characters of different kinds. The scene is a Greek island, the people include a "gambling czar" deported from the U.S. (Yul Brynner), his girl (Mitzi Gaynor), and a dethroned king (Noël Coward), and nearly everything any of them says has the flavour of a separate item in a pawky humorous column . . . until the end is



approaching, when a ludicrously false note of respectful solemnity is briefly introduced. Mr. Coward's manner is somewhat more conversational than the uniformly loud, strong tone favoured by most of the others, and perhaps it's this that has led many people to declare that his acting dominates the film. My own view is that nobody at all in it has any chance to act; they're just there to put over quotable lines.

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)  
In London: *Jazz on a Summer's Day* (28/9/60) is very pleasing—as a film, and not merely for its jazz. *Il Tetto* (24/8/60), *The Fugitive Kind* (14/9/60) and *Ocean's Eleven* (7/9/60) continue, *Black Orpheus* (8/6/60) nears the end of its run.

Best of the releases is *Murder by Contract* (30 mins.), an artificial but thoroughly effective, crisply made *film noir*, which is billed as second feature to the much more ordinary melodrama *Let No Man Write My Epitaph* (31/8/60—106 mins.). The new Norman Wisdom, *There Was a Crooked Man* ("Survey," 14/9/60—105 mins.), has unexpectedly good bits.

—RICHARD MALLETT

#### ON THE AIR

##### Cuttings Come to Life

**A**MONG the programmes I do not willingly miss is "What the Papers Say" (Granada). This lively inquisition into the fairy-tales of the fourth estate owes much of its impact to the polished hustle of its production, and admiration

is always commanded by the split-second mosaic of the voice of the commentator, the words of the reader and the shots of the cutting.

It is always entertaining, though sometimes a little frightening, to watch Monday's front-page prophecy fade to inner-page obscurity when Tuesday finds its fault, to note the news-slant which makes a headline in one paper and a column-filler in another, and to catch the twist dictated by politics or proprietor which shows but one face to every coin. The commentators are all eloquent men familiar with their field of inquiry but it seems to me that the style of Brian Inglis comes best out of the picture-box. Low-voiced and unsurprised, the clipped dryness of his delivery is in firm contrast to the fanfare of the news-items, and his satire is the sharper for being soft-spoken.

Diversion can also be found in the study of the different voices used to read the cuttings and to express the images of the various papers. The voice of *The Times* is appropriately pontifical, aloof and wing-collared; the *Telegraph*, all city-page and solidly respectable; the *Mail*, trumpeting and apt to get excited; the *Express*, brisk and anxiously bright, a little strident with get-up-and-go; the *Mirror* provocative, brash and maty; and the *News Chronicle*, mildly earnest and with a dying fall of disappointment at the behaviour of us all.

It must be difficult to find material for rewarding comparison each week, and with the papers lately full of the Congo and the United Nations the programme has not been serving us our previous ration of light-hearted mockery. I hope this is but

a passing phase and not an indication that "What the Papers Say" is developing a sense of responsibility. For me, the feature is most fascinating when it is least portentous; every other programme these days has pretensions to becoming a poor man's "Panorama" and there is a gaping space for the smiler on the side-lines, the pricker of everyday balloons.

"No Wreath for the General," the BBC adventure serial by Donald Wilson, is coming along at an interesting and intelligent pace. The basic idea of the war memoirs is fresh, the characters, on the whole, are firmly written, and the acting throughout the cast is at a highly competent level. The scenes involving Patrick Cargill as the Ministry mandarin and William Franklyn as the casual boffin are particularly satisfying both in dialogue and performance. Rona Anderson, playing the fugitive general's daughter, has had the thinnest part to work on in the earlier episodes—perhaps her turn will come later—and only in the scenes of affection between her and Moray Watson, nicely solid as the gallant Major, has the writing struck an unsound note. The plot is weaving up neatly, a fair balance being struck between giving enough information to save the viewer from the boredom of bewilderment, and leaving sufficient mysteries unexplained to carry him along till next week.

I have found "Candid Camera" (ABC) to be, for the most part, very funny. The roots of its humour are old and lie deep in cruelty, and it may not be to everyone's taste. Jonathan Routh, a dead-pan artist, with hidden microphone and concealed camera, plays hoaxes on people and records their discomfiture for our public amusement. The production team seems a little insecure about the humorous morality of this procedure because the compère emphasizes at the opening that we are witnessing "good-natured hoaxes on good-natured people" and that the permission of the victims has been obtained to their exhibition. Whatever the proprieties may be, the tricks are skilfully contrived and, assuming, as the programme stresses, that the gulls are truly unwitting, they call for delicate performances from Mr. Routh and his assistants. Bob Monkhouse introduces the items in his synthetic laughing-boy manner. He has laboured so long to varnish a slick American gloss over his own personality that he sometimes comes through like an unkind impersonation of himself; even, when smiling with all dimples out, like Liberace imitating Bob Monkhouse. . . . But that, after all, may be just what's wanted.

—PATRICK RYAN

#### PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

"Punch in the Cinema." Odeon, Doncaster.

"Covering Punch." Central Library and Art Gallery, Dudley.

# BOOKING OFFICE

## SOLDIERS TWAIN

By JOHN CONNELL

*The Memoirs of Lord Ismay. Heinemann, 42/-*

*A Full Life. Lt.-Gen. Sir Brian Horrocks. Collins, 25/-*

IT is impossible not to surrender to Lord Ismay's charm. This is quite breathtaking; but it is also the obedient ancillary of a host of rare virtues—a first-rate intelligence, imaginative perception, total integrity, loyalty, humour and a very special brand of wisdom. His autobiography is a faithful reflection of all these qualities, and therefore, I believe, despite its manifest reticence and modesty, one of the most enchanting books of its kind of recent years.

The scriptural quotation, "giving thanks always for all things," which accompanies the dedication, is the key to the whole book. Lord Ismay has the supreme grace of a thankful heart—and, I must add, of a merry one too. He has of course a great deal to be thankful for—this "diminutive Carthusian," once at eighteen and a half the smallest officer in the Army (in physical stature, anyway), who ate his heart out because he had to spend the whole of World War I on detachment in Somaliland, and therefore survived instead of being killed in Flanders, Gallipoli or Mesopotamia; who became Military Secretary to Lord Willington when he was Viceroy; who, after a tour of duty as a subordinate in the Committee of Imperial Defence, was chosen by Lord Hankey to be his successor as its Secretary and Secretary of the Chiefs of Staff Committee; and who therefore spent the whole of World War II in the closest association with, and steadfast and brilliant service to, Winston Churchill. This most of us might regard as the peak of a dazzling career; but Pug Ismay stayed on in harness, as Chief of Staff to Lord Mountbatten during the last months of British rule in India, as Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations in Churchill's first post-war Government, and finally as Secretary-General of NATO throughout the greater part of the 1950s.

His account of this career is as splendidly unpretentious as it is

illuminating. He describes solemn and tragic events—the fall of France, for example, or the twilight of the Raj—with a very moving simplicity; for this sophisticated officer, loaded with appalling responsibilities whose burden he carried with so apparently debonair an ease, was—and is—a deeply sensitive and emotional man. His affection for and loyalty to Churchill, through every kind of vicissitude, are unfaltering and selfless. He tells many anecdotes of his great chief (every one of them brand new), but all in love and joy, and none with the slightest undertone of spite.

In the midst of the inevitable spate of controversy about the high political and strategic conduct of World War II, this is a profoundly conciliatory and encouraging book. It denigrates nobody; it cuts some of the more egotistical and boastful contributors to the controversy gently down to size; and it is steeped in good sense, wit and good manners.

Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks commanded a Corps in the Eighth Army from just before the Battle

of Alam Halfa until he was badly wounded by bullets from a German low-flying fighter in Bizerta in June 1943. When he recovered from his wounds, some fourteen months later, he assumed command of 30 Corps under Montgomery in N.W. Europe. He now holds the post of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod in the House of Lords, and as a sideline has become a "TV celebrity" of the calibre of Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Mr. Gilbert Harding or Lady Barnett. His screen forte is military exposition.

His memoirs record the career of a distinguished and gallant officer, who has served his country faithfully and well. It supplies an adequate narrative, from Sir Brian's viewpoint, of the campaigns in which he took part, though I myself could have wished for a fuller account of that most interesting battle, Wadi Akarit.

I enjoyed and admired Sir Brian's sincere and modest story of his years as a P.O.W. in Germany in World War I, of his many, always frustrated, attempts to escape, and of the subsequent psychological reaction at the war's end. I liked his portrait of his father, a distinguished R.A.M.C. officer. I think his courage and tenacity in returning to command in 1944 were exemplary. He was Montgomery's protégé, and he has a very proper loyalty and affectionate regard for the Field Marshal.

Sir Brian's exposition in his penultimate chapter of his duties and responsibilities as Black Rod is commendably factual. But, alas, it is followed by a sadly unguarded chapter on what it is like to be a star on the telly. I tremble at the thought of the blushes—for Sir Brian's own sake as much as for the sake of others—it will provoke. What on earth induced this charming and intelligent man to describe Cecil McGivern in cold print as "the presiding genius of all BBC television, the corps commander who fights the tactical battle on the TV front"? Oh crikey, oh General.

### NEW NOVELS

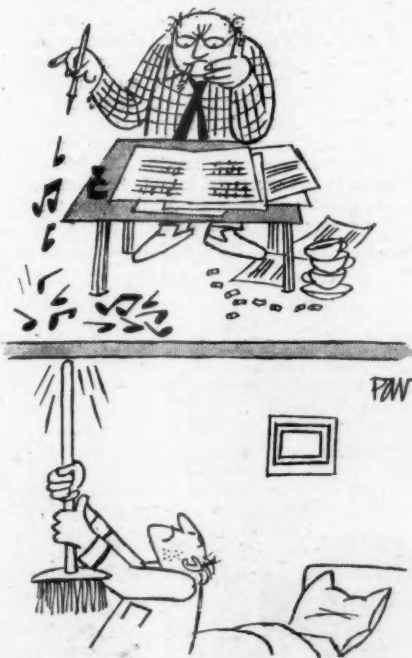
*The Others.* Ann Aikman. Gollancz, 13/6

*Where the Boys Are.* Glendon Swarthout. Heinemann, 16/-

*Fresh from the Country.* "Miss Read." Michael Joseph, 15/-

*Catherine Chaille.* Humphrey Pakington. Chatto and Windus, 18/-

The ordinary against the extraordinary; the social against the anti-social; the whole frightful battle between the world's pressures and individuality is marvellously well laid before us in *The Others*, a book by a





new young American novelist, Ann Aikman. On the side of the "oddities" stands the weird, huge-eyed Esther Alexander, fiercely guarding her architect husband and only child Tony in their glass-towered seaside summer place; to break their defensive solitude comes the motel-builder's family, mooring its houseboat by the sacred beach, punching its beer-cans, tenderizing its steaks. The families meet and mix, reject and absorb and are affected by opposing qualities; yet at the summer's end each side is to each as firmly "the others" as before. The book doesn't pontificate or solve problems; its people are intricately at war with themselves as well as with the strangers, and in no way types or symbols.

It is not such a far cry from Ann Aikman's subtleties to a Florida holiday caper called *Where the Boys Are*. Both illuminate adolescent sex, but Glendon Swarthout concentrates on it entirely, and hardly less subtly in his joyfully knock-about way. This is the far from simple story of a Middle West co-ed girl who joins the vacation trek to Fort Lauderdale, where the idea is to pick up a boy from Harvard or Yale or some other high-class Eastern university. (Socially it is all very revealing.) Merritt, the heroine, is no Lorelei but a strapping Juno powered with a high I.Q.—which she certainly needs, for her sophisticated creator makes her the mouthpiece for what must be his own challenging as well as funny reflections on American youth. These, more than her actual adventures, are I think the real point of the novel.

For a total change, a world elsewhere,



there is *Fresh from the Country*, another of those rural-scholastic books for which Miss Read has a steady and presumably square public; or perhaps it is truer to guess that the in-betweens find themselves sharpening at the corners as they settle down to appreciate her solidity of values, her delight in countryside and weather and the feel of the seasons. This story, of a farmer's daughter going to teach at an overcrowded primary school in an ugly new suburb, runs happily on its simple, romantic plot-lines; it also has a slant on self-aggrandizement and our pathetic shifts theretowards; but chiefly it gives a fascinatingly well-informed account of the juvenile branches of state education, which I had never quite realized (shades of Paul Pennyfeather) to be so terrifyingly expert.

For roughly the same public, more pleasure waits in Humphrey Pakington's gentle comedy, *Catherine Chailey*. Trollopean, Jane Austenish, it has lots of fun with cathedral close and country house life and the prejudices of the family that Catherine shocks by jumping a generation and falling in love with one of the new aristocracy, the cook's scientist son at Cambridge. Nobody does better than Mr. Pakington at getting on to paper the amiable dodderings and *non sequitur* conversational ease of the gentry at home.

—ANGELA MILNE

**The Man Without Qualities. Vol. 3.** Robert Musil. Translated by Eithne Wilkins & Ernst Kaiser. *Secker & Warburg*, 35/-

The third volume of Robert Musil's great novel about Vienna in 1913-14, just before the outbreak of the First World War, appears now, six years after its predecessor in English translation. It has the sub-title *Into the Millennium (The Criminals)*. No one who insists on a "story" need waste time over this book, but all who like comment on character and sequences of description done in brilliant style should make a point of reading it. Musil is not without failings as a novelist. Ulrich, his hero, is too much on top of the world to carry entire conviction. All the same there are passages of vivid horror like the visit

to the lunatic asylum, or humour, like General Stumm carrying a loaf of army bread about with him in a briefcase in order to veil private use of official transport, which are absolutely original in treatment. Above all Musil is a chronicler of Teutonic society. In this he seems to me more successful than Thomas Mann, because his characters have more life. The translation is excellent; but surely "panties" is an anachronism in 1914?

—ANTHONY POWELL

## DO IT YOURSELF

**How to Become Headmaster.** R. G. G. Price. *Blond*, 10/6

Any period spent on the receiving end of headmasters reveals them to be a weird and grisly crew ("Many of them have a curious greyness of skin and the look of men who shave with pumice-stone") but if ambition urges you into their warily affable ranks, let Mr. Price, in this handy do-it-yourself volume, guide your steps. Where else can you, anyhow, turn? The *Encyclopædia Britannica* itself is woefully curt about these key figures (the index places them immediately after "Head Louse"). Even if education is not your line, come along for the ride; you will enjoy it.

A headmaster is no longer a landlocked Captain Bligh with a knowledge of Latin. Subtler things are required and Mr. Price, in a splendid admixture of advice, solid fact and flights of fancy, covers the full field (not even overlooking the financial hazards of a change of sex). On the way to the lush summit, we pause occasionally for valuable test papers ("List four things to do with a Scout Patrol that would make your Leadership stand out in their memory"). You cannot, clearly, fail, and when you finally nobble Eton you will, morally, owe the author a percentage of what is, doubtless, a cosy emolument.

—ARTHUR MARSHALL

**How to Become a Millionaire.** Gerald Sparrow. Illustrated by Ironicus. *Blond*, 10/6. Savagely amusing left-wing guide in the upward climb. Useful not only to aspirants but to millionaires. Valuable advice on take-over-bidding, preparing income tax returns and avoiding being blackballed by leading tailors.

## EXCELLENT HERBS

**Herbert Morrison.** An Autobiography. *Odhams Press*, 30/-

"Excellent Herbs had our fathers of old" in the days when able and ambitious boys could not get a full-time schooling on account of their parents' poverty. It is different to-day when the Herbert Morrisons and Ernie Bevins would have passed their 11 plus, gone to the Grammar School, won from there their scholarships to the University, and when there is growing up instead the new class division—the class division within the family between the boy who can pass examinations and the boy who cannot. It means that Lord Morrison is to some extent through no fault of his a creature of a past age. There

would be no harm in that if he could accept the fact, but unfortunately he cannot quite manage to do so.

The greater part of the book is rather disappointing, particularly to one who has heard Lord Morrison talking. Most of the early pages are little more than a résumé of inter-war history that could have been made just as well by someone who had played no part in it. Then there are some attractive character sketches of his wartime colleagues, written with a complete absence of party favour. The closing pages are sad going. There is no concealment of Lord Morrison's bitterness at the way that he had been treated by his party in the last years and the way that the party is conducting itself to-day. He does not much like any of his later colleagues. He thinks that Lord Attlee clung on to the leadership of the Opposition intentionally so as to prevent himself from getting it. Who shall say what Lord Attlee's intentions have been at any time? But if Lord Morrison wishes to raise such issues he must face the fact that there were plenty of people who thought that his performance as Foreign Secretary had shown that he was past his best and no longer capable of leading a party. Lord Morrison is under no doubt that Labour's election campaign in 1959 was grossly mismanaged and that it is a disaster that the party should to-day be dominated by public-school-university "intellectuals." He is not the only one to hold such opinions, but they would have come better from someone who had not himself been pipped for the leadership. It is all too much like an Olympic athlete explaining why he lost.

—CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

## REAPPRAISAL

**The Desert Generals.** Correlli Barnett. *Kimber, 30/-*

Mr. Barnett has re-examined the Western Desert campaigns in terms of the Army Commanders' personalities, and a thoroughly worth-while re-examination it turns out to be. He is, for the first time, more concerned with tactical ability than with success or failure, and there are some salutary reassessments of reputations. O'Connor he rates highly; Cunningham was clearly never in the game, nor was Ritchie; Auchinleck emerges as probably the best of the desert commanders (though with a fatal loyalty to inadequate subordinates); and Montgomery . . . Unfortunately, Mr. Barnett goes quite off the rails about Montgomery. He has his failings, God knows; but he can't have been such a bad general as Mr. Barnett thinks. Apart from anything else, he was the first desert commander who really commanded his army throughout the entire campaign without ever losing touch. Mr. Barnett is also slightly hysterical about Churchill, the "fat pink politician." But these two misjudgments don't invalidate the rest of the book, which is perceptive and refreshing. It is easy to see now that Montgomery *might* have routed the Axis troops cheaply at Alamein with a swift armoured thrust; on the information then available he only knew that he was sure

to win the battle if he fought it as planned. It seems to me that this is a defensible course to have taken, however wrong it may look in the light of later knowledge.

—B. A. YOUNG

## DILL STREET BLUES

**The Marriage of Gor. Jenn Lawrie.** *Gollancz, 18/-*

This is a true account of a white girl's life with a black man in Beck Place, Dill Street, E. It is the account of persistent life in a small back room (8 ft. x 13 ft.) filled to bursting point with ironing, bugs, mice, water (when it rains) and three small children. There is a communal kitchen in the house, but there is no sink, and the water supply is a tap in the yard outside. Two prostitutes live on the premises. It is a Dickensian scene that would have shocked the Victorians themselves, and in the 1960s it is plainly horrific. Koku and Doris have lived together for nine years when Miss Lawrie comes to know them; and slowly, patiently, with constant understanding, she achieves their marriage. Her study of the couple is a bitter social document with, alas, the ring of authenticity; it is also a very human study of a human relationship.

—JOANNA RICHARDSON

## CREDIT BALANCE

**Russia for Beginners.** Alex Atkinson and Ronald Searle. *Perpetua, 21/-*. Familiar to *Punch*-readers as "By Rocking-Chair across Russia," but with additional material from both hands, and made up into a beautifully-designed book, uniform with the same authors' works on Britain and America, and equally indispensable.

**The Violent Bear it Away.** Flannery O'Connor. *Longmans, 16/-*. Vivid, obsessed novel about Bible-thumpers and rationalists in the Deep South. The central character is a boy who has been reared by a poor white great-uncle and given the mission of baptising his half-wit cousin, the son of a freethinking, city schoolteacher. More original than convincing, but not merely a curiosity.

**Amphibians and Reptiles.** Robert Mertens. *Harrap, 63/-*. It sounds odd no doubt, but this book of snakes, toads, lizards and so on is about as opulent a gift-



"I beg your pardon miss, but you dropped this Kleenex."

volume as you could find. Not only of value to experts, but a book to be treasured by all lovers of beauty in nature. The photographs, especially the coloured ones, are magnificent.

**The Roman Club System.** Giorgio Belladonna and Walter Avarelli. *Cassell, 15/-*. If you really want to study the complex artificial and rigid bidding system using which Belladonna and Avarelli helped the Italian bridge team to become world champions for three years running, here it is, clearly translated by Vee Packer, and laid out with remarkable clarity. It makes a stupefying monument to the perversity of human ingenuity.

**The Natural Bent.** Lionel Fielden. *Deutsch, 25/-*. Self-flagellation by eminent failure who has held and thrown up an imposing list of important jobs. Some amusing and frank gossip about B.B.C., India, wartime Ministries, AMGOT, etc., but ruthless exposure palls. Lot of social history in the fact that this spoilt, petulant, wrongheaded campaigner is descendant of Fielden the factory reformer.



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE



## FOR WOMEN

## Up at Cambridge

IT is really my husband who is a student at the University of Cambridge. I, however, like many another young lady in this stalwart city, just like to give the impression that I am. The foreign girls learning English at the language schools; the student nurses at the hospital on Trumpington Street; the girls studying to be art teachers at the Technical College; the ones learning to be shorthand-typists somewhere else; the wives of foreign students—we're all in the same boat. Just academic enough to wish we were more so. We ride our cycles around Market Square; affect not to care about clothes when we really care very much indeed; read our most intellectual paperbacks over the black coffee in the cafés; frequent the bookstalls and art exhibitions—and wish wistfully that we had black gowns to prove we're legit.

This feeling, among others, prompted me to take a course. The idea had many charms, not the least of which was the prospect of mentioning, in suitably-casual letters back home, my acquaintance with post-graduate level study in Britain. It had the additional advantage of being a project in (as we say) Continuing Education. In 1954, when I got my degree, Continuing Education was a big thing at home. "Do not think you are educated," they cautioned. "This is only the beginning. Education is a continuing process."

That got me. I was moved to grapple with Pitman in the Y.W.C.A. in Manhattan; practice Yoga sitting-positions with a wild-eyed friend; apply myself diligently to Great Books at the Cooper

Union. More recently I've been lift-lift-lifting with the best of them in ambitious (and fruitless) efforts to Keep Fit, and, of course, agonizing through abortive sessions with that brainy Tom and his Russian honey (Catch-Yuh?) on the Third.

This time I was motivated not only by a vague desire to improve myself but by an aggressive, somewhat resentful curiosity as well. You people are so keen on your Cambridge. You go "up to it" from St. Andrew's, even; you assume that we're coming "up to it" from anywhere.

My university at home? You never heard of it. You assume that all "our little colleges" have to take everybody who applies. You inquire, with a small smile, what I read. English, say I. "English literature?" you ask, astounded. Your tone of voice gives me the urge to say that I minored in James Bond. You conclude the discussion with the kindly observation that the authorities allow an American B.A. to skip a year toward his Cambridge B.A. Big of them.

So I decided to take a course. A course at Cambridge. I would listen to one or two lectures first before I decided which one to take. I slunk into a lecture one noon last week. On the way I had worried if I looked studenty enough. Once there I forgot about that. I was impressed. The room was packed, but it was perfectly quiet. They were all, like me, really listening every minute and writing in their notebooks.

On my way home I mused darkly about my own college education. There

were times when I was this inspired—but so few times. To-day I'd been genuinely sorry that the lecture was over. How often had I felt that way at home? "This is Cambridge," I thought. "This is what education is all about."

On the other hand it did feel good to get out into the sun. As I pedalled along I debated whether or not to go hear another lecture that afternoon. Traffic thickened near Castle Hill. I had to stop, and I wished peevishly that this lecture could be at a more convenient time. Twelve noon was all very well for undergraduates who just rolled into hall for a served meal afterwards. But it is rather a bind for somebody who has to stop at the butcher's, the greengrocer's, and at the post office before early closing and still get home in time to let the baby-sitter go home for lunch and make my own meal, too. The light changed; I pumped on.

I scudded to a halt at the greengrocer, parked my cycle in front of the neat "No Cycles" sign, and got out my notebook. Turning to the lecture notes for the day, I saw that I'd written: 2 lbs. tomat.; 1 head lett.; melon; OXO. I guessed I wouldn't go back that afternoon. — JENNIE FARLEY

## Parent's Song

WHAT I can't stand  
About children is  
Not the muddy hand  
Nor the ice-cream kiss;  
Not the nursery rubble  
Of last week's crazes;  
Not the gum a-bubble;  
Not the TV phrases  
Nor the noise at dawn;  
Not the gravel in the green  
Depth of the lawn  
That wrecks the machine;  
Not the unstrung necklace;  
Not the order unheard;  
Not even the feckless  
Pose or word  
That turns to a jelly  
Or causes to smart  
The soft underbelly  
Of my hard old heart.

What makes me want  
To live without them  
Is the way I can't  
Stop talking about them.

— CAROLE PAINE



## Your Eyes are like the Stars . . .

I SAW in the paper the other day that an enterprising and obviously desperate young woman is opening a charm school for men. My first reaction was one of relief and of heartfelt gratefulness to the woman who would, at last, take the hordes of clumsy, tongue-tied, baggy-suited, shaggy-dog men that we have to put up with to-day, and, by means of a course of eight easy lessons, would turn out a race of suave, elegant, cultured Mayfair playboys, who would savour absolutely all there is to faire, and, in fact, provide every female in the country with a God's gift to women.

On thinking it over, however, I admitted to myself with sickening truthfulness that the only flaw in men which really gets me down is the one thing that she won't teach them. She couldn't. It should, repeat should, be inbred. And that is the art of paying a compliment.

The cult at the moment is utter candour. I can only speak from personal experience, of course, but I don't like it. Nowadays it's remarkable to find a woman who doesn't suffer from the worst kind of chronic inferiority complex. For instance, I knew a delightful Indian who was so meagre about handing out compliments that I degraded myself enough to fish for them. I would say "I wish I had long, tapered, gazelle-like legs like Mae Britt," and he would reply "I'm not complaining." It was always the same "I'm not complaining." Although I told myself that it was the Eastern philosophical outlook on life, derived from the study of Buddha and Mahomet, that put this quelling phrase into his mouth, I eventually gave up trying.

Surprisingly enough, it's the same with Beats. There was Mike, who seemed to appreciate my appearance on the whole but he would never commit himself. When I emerged in something new, or with a different hair-style, he would just stand looking at me and declare in a loud but expressionless voice "Get you." Or sometimes, if I was very lucky, "Just get you!"

You might think the Older Man would know how to do it, but usually he shows a fatherly concern for one, which is the death of the compliment. At dinner he will lean indulgently towards you and you will think "Now for a real piece of old-fashioned admiration." But all he will say is "You look hot; I'll get the waiter to open a window." Which means

your nose is shining. Then after dinner he will almost push you towards the Ladies' saying sympathetically "I expect you'd like to go and fix your face." I once knew one of these who was so pleased that I was young and comparatively green that he thought it was the height of praise to remark "You look very twee tonight." The first time I nearly cried. I had intended to look husky and ginny and wicked, but . . .

It's even worse when a man actually knows something about make-up. Felix was an actor, so he did. After staring at me for ten minutes solid one day he said "How well you use eyeshadow," and then later "That black line around your eyes is terribly effective." I was deflated. I want men to think I was born with peacock-blue eyelids and a thin black line curving upwards at the corners just above my lashes.

The party acquaintance can afford to be still more frank than the others, because he'll probably never see you again anyway. As you both climb into someone's car to go to someone else's house for breakfast he will look at you in a disillusioned but brave way and

mutter "God, you do look different in the harsh light of dawn." And having got this far, his eyes will travel down to your feet, and, forgetting how quaint he thought it was when you kicked off your shoes at midnight to dance with him in barefoot abandon, he will add "And your stockings are filthy."

The snag about all this is that it is weakening me. I'm getting dreamily susceptible to even the most insincere flattery. I can feel it creeping on, this dangerous gullibility. I know that if I ever meet a man who whispers "Your hair is like spun silk in the moonlight, your skin is made of rose petals, your eyes are deep aquamarine pools, your mouth is like a ruby, your tiny well-shaped nose makes me feel All-Man, your figure is a poem, and altogether the general impression I get is that you are an angel from Heaven," I shall marry him right away. If he asks me. You see that type never proposes.

— POLLY ANDERSON

☆

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It's less fun that way.



"What is it, darling? You seem so withdrawn."

# Toby Competitions

## No. 134—Pinking the Red

**I**N the light of recent events in New York, draft a curriculum for an international finishing school for diplomats visiting Western capitals. Limit 120 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by first post on Wednesday, October 12.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 134, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

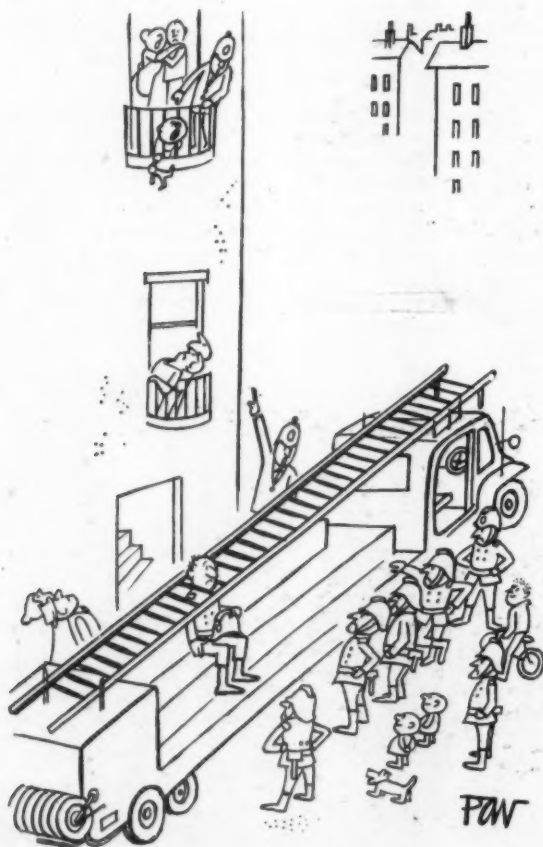
## Report on Competition No. 131 (Sourpuss)

Competitors were asked for verses expressing hatred of some virtue or luxury.

It was a surprise to find that some of our readers do not, apparently, know what a virtue is. In a large and enthusiastic entry there were some admirable poems that would have won a prize if only they had had any relation to this particular competition. Perhaps they had originally been written for some other competition and the proud authors wanted to give them another chance.

The winner of the framed *Punch* original is:

R. KENNARD DAVIS  
ON-THE-HILL  
PILTON  
SHEPTON MALLET  
SOMERSET



Of all the "luxuries" that men endure  
I most abominate "good" furniture;  
The flimsy chair; the table, where to spill  
A spot of gravy makes your hostess ill;  
The desk that's ruined by a blot or scratch,  
The sideboard where you musn't drop a  
match;  
The elegance from which all comfort flees,  
Give me plain deal, and let me feel at ease!

Among the runners-up were:

Tho' some may take a pride in Punctuality  
And term it the politeness of a prince,  
I can't subscribe to this form of morality;  
I loathed it as a child and ever since.  
Why must I be the slave of hours and  
minutes,

The victim of this "virtue" so accursed,  
Why the blazes should I have to send my  
entry

By the first post on September 21st?  
David Morton, Flat 5, 10 The Avenue,  
Branksome Park, Bournemouth, Hants.

O, armchair groaning 'neath my weight,  
Thou helpest not my ruinous state;  
While here sit I in much elation,  
Increasest thou my corporation.  
My heart no song, no music sings,  
Supported I by strained springs.  
Loathsome thing, vain luxury,  
Encouraging obesity!  
David Keogh, c/o 163 Waldegrave Road,  
Teddington, Twickenham, Middlesex

Cuff links in mink—stink!  
Any respectable shirt would be hurt  
By an adornment so effete,  
However neat.  
My wife doesn't realize they itch. She's rich.  
She INSISTS.  
With all her compulsion I'm full of  
revulsion  
And wrath at the rash on my wrists.  
C. J. Crawford, 22 Talbot Road,  
London, W.2

Electric Clock  
Oh how I miss my kitchen clock:  
It gained a nice amount;  
So friendly with its tick and tock  
And spare time to discount.  
But motor-driven silent hands  
Now rotate day and night;  
And no-one ever understands  
The beastly thing's too right.  
Mrs. Vera Thompson, Flat 11, Dolforgan  
Court, The Beacon, Exmouth, Devon

One-guinea book tokens to the above, and  
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Mrs. J. Ackner, Whiteladies, Sandyway,  
Cobham, Surrey

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